

CROWNING DAY

No.



6

... A Book of ...
Gospel Songs

— BY —

J. H. HALL

W. H. RUEBUSH

AND J. H. RUEBUSH

Associate

J. S. TORBETT

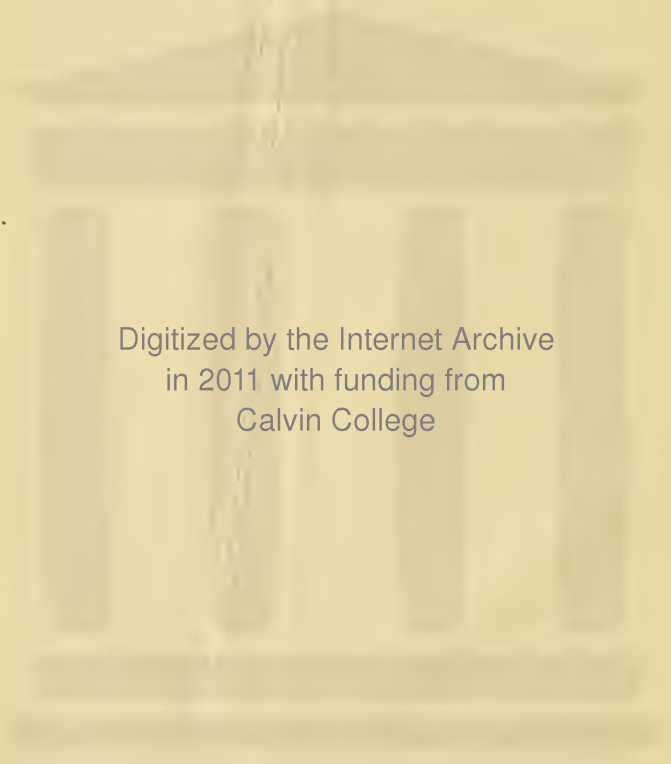


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CROWNING DAY

— No. 6 —

CONTAINS A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

For Sunday Schools, Evangelistic Work,
Revival Meetings, Young People's Societies
And all other Religious Services

BY

J. H. HALL, W. H. RUEBUSH, and J. H. RUEBUSH

ASSOCIATE

J. S. TORBETT

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The Ruebush-Kieffer Company
Dayton, Virginia

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PREFACE.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

Leader.—The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

School.—The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Leader.—Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

School.—The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

Leader.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

School.—He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he will also hear their cry, and will save them.

Leader.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

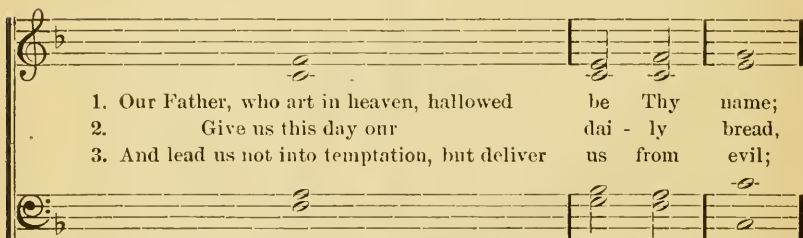
School.—My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

All.—I will bless the Lord at all times:
his praise shall be continually in my
mouth.

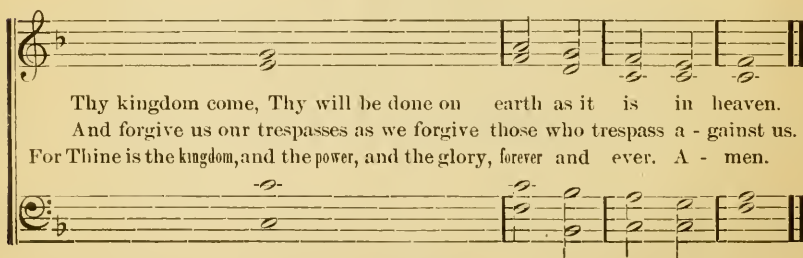
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - men.

The Crowning Day.

—No. 6.—

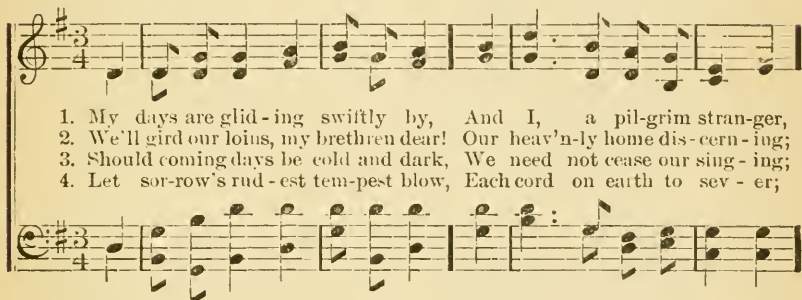
No. 131.

SHINING SHORE.

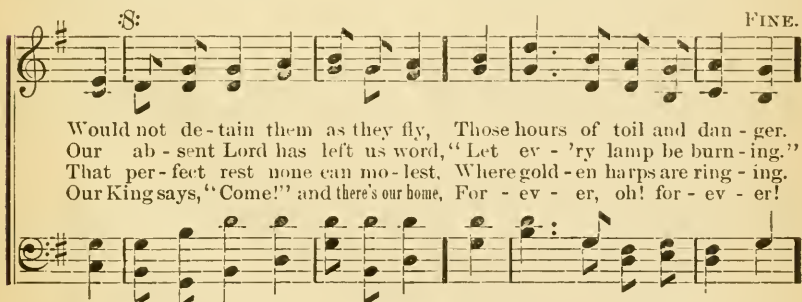
"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

DANIEL NELSON.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
 2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear! Our heav'n - ly home dis - cern - ing;
 3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;



Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, "Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing."
 That per - fect rest none can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er!

D.S.—just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS.



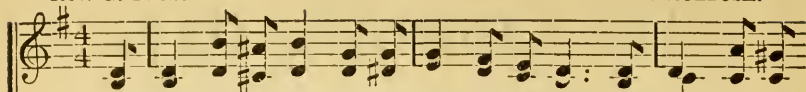
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

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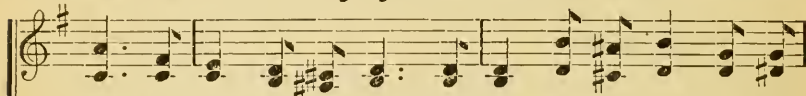
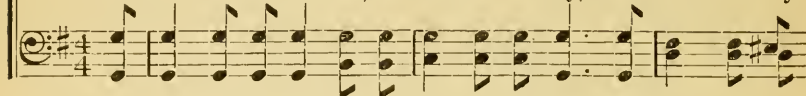
No. 132. THERE'S NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

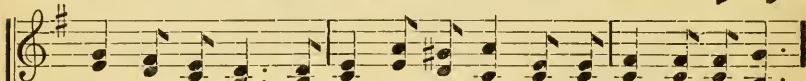
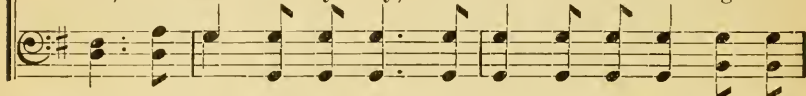
WILL H. RUEBUSH.



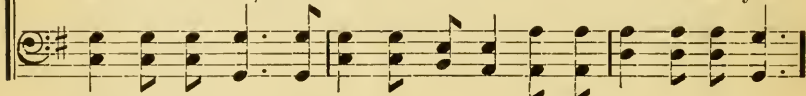
1. There's no friend like Je-sus so help-ful and true, None oth-er be-
2. There's no friend like Je-sus so con-stant-ly near When heart-sore and
3. There's no friend like Je-sus, who hears what I say, Who cares for my



side, when tri-als be-strew; Tho' oft-en in sor-row and
lone my plead-ings to hear; He bids me lean on Him in
life, who watch-es my way; He's con-stant and lov-ing and



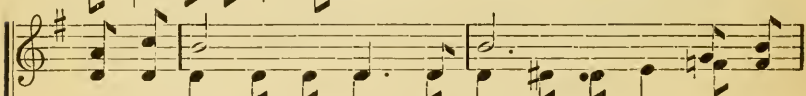
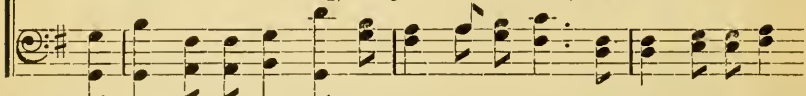
oft-en in shame, His love is a-bid-ing, for-ev-er the same.
deep-est dis-tress, For-bid-ding the tempt-er my soul to op-press.
ten-der and true, There's no friend like Je-sus to me and to you.



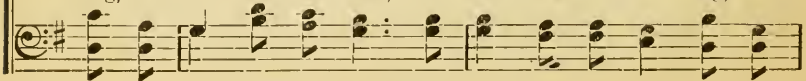
CHORUS.



His love is a-bid-ing, What-ev-
His love is a-bid-ing, all praise to His name, What-ev-er be-tid-



er be-tid-ing, In Him I'm con-
ing, for-ev-er the same, In Him I'm con-fid-ing, His



There's No Friend Like Jesus.—Concluded.

fid - ing, All praise to His name.....
prom-is-es claim, Un-chang-ing, a-bid-ing, all praise to His name.

No. 133.

MORNING HYMN.

G. P. HOTT.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Bright and ear-ly in our plac-es, Hap-py hearts so cheer-ful now,
2. Cloud-y, sunshine, rain-y, snowing, On-ward thro' this life we go,
3. Life, they say, is full of sad-ness, But if Je-sus be our friend,

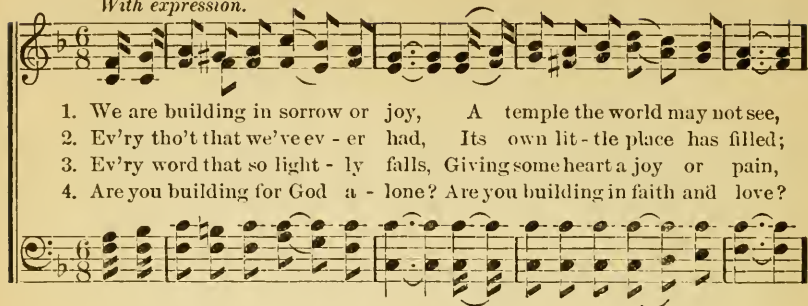
FINE.
Fac-es all a-glow with gladness, Humbly we to-geth-er bow.
Les-sons hard and hard-er grow-ing, Ev-'ry day brings work you know.
Ev-'ry day'll be full of gladness, And our joy shall nev-er end.

D.S.—Mer-ry, cheer-y hap-py fac-es, How we love our Sabbath School.

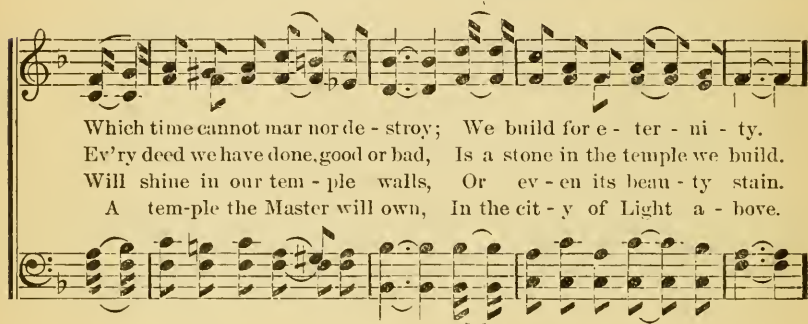
CHORUS. *D.S.*
Mer-ry, cheer-y hap-py fac-es, How we love our Sabbath School;

N. B. SARGENT.

J. H. HALL.

With expression.


1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not see,
 2. Ev'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has filled;
 3. Ev'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart a joy or pain,
 4. Are you building for God a - lone? Are you building in faith and love?

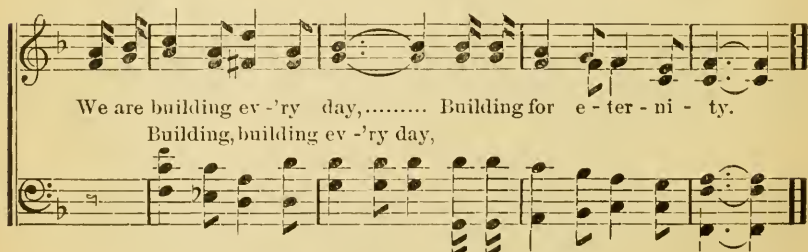


Which time cannot mar nor de - stroy; We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Ev'ry deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
 Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - en its beau - ty stain.
 A tem - ple the Master will own, In the cit - y of Light a - bove.

CHORUS.



We are building ev - 'ry day, A temple the world may not see;
 Building, building ev'ry day, See, not see;

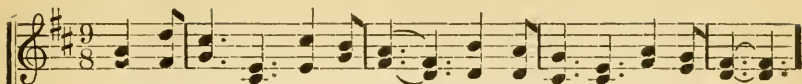


We are building ev - 'ry day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Building, building ev - 'ry day,

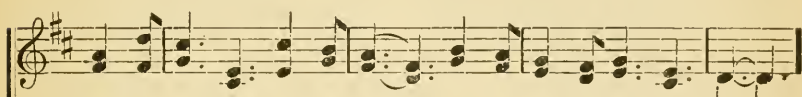
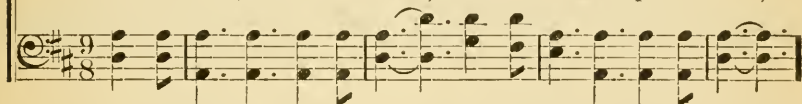
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

EL. NATHAN.

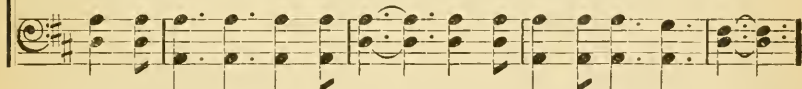
C. C. CASE.



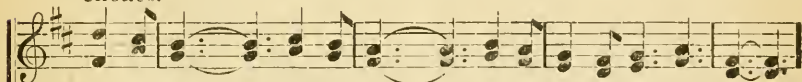
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



- While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

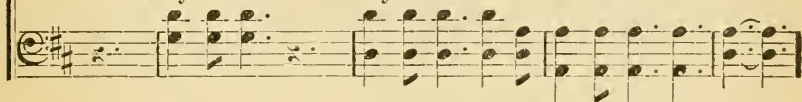


CHORUS.



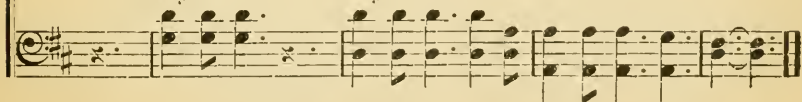
Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?



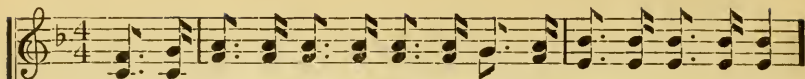
Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?

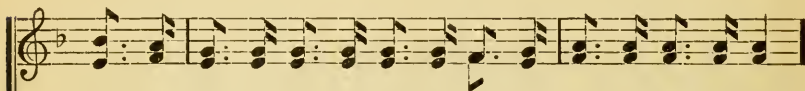
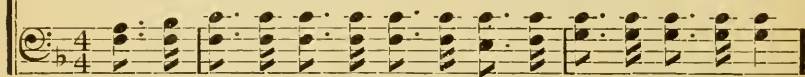


G. P. H.

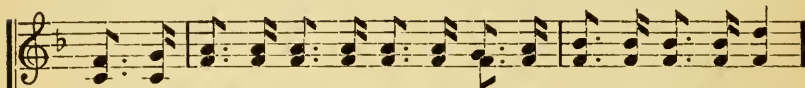
Rev. G. P. HOTT.



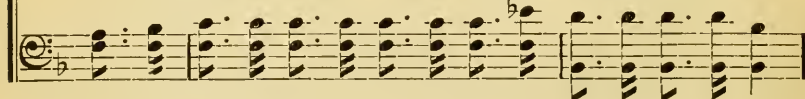
1. When my life was full of sor - row and my heart was full of sin,
2. When the wrath of God was gath'ring in the tempest's loud a - larm,
3. Oft - en when the heart is heav - y with life's bur - den, grief and care,



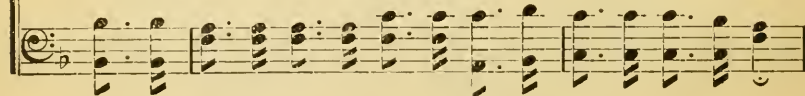
And the sense of guilt was deep'ning and I felt no peace with-in;
 And no arm was found suf - fi - cient strong to save the world from harm.
 And the eyes are look - ing heav'nward to the mausions o - ver there;



It was then the bless - ed Saviour looked in pit - y up - on me,
 Shone the love of Christ, the Saviour, man - i - fest for you and me,
 Oh, how cheer - ing is the pros - pect of the life that is to be,



And in His di - vine com - pas - sion from the bur - den set me free.
 As on Him was laid our sor - row which He bore up - on the tree.
 As the heart is filled with mem'ries of the Cross of Cal - va - ry.



It's Just Like Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's just like Je - sus, to set the sin - ner free, It's
just like Je - sus, who died up - on the tree; Yes, it's just like
Je - sus to bear the cross for me And prove His heav'nly love.

No. 137.

PIERCE.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,
And oft are its glo-ries confess'd, But what must it be to be there?
From tri - als with-out and with-in; But what must it be to be there?
The Church of the First-born a-bove, But what must it be to be there?

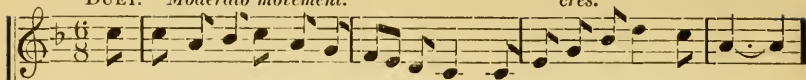
No. 138. BY AND BY, GATHER US ALL.

M. S.

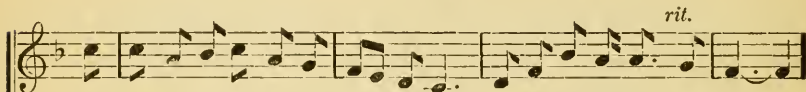
W. F. WERSCHKUL.

DUET. *Moderato movement.*

cres.



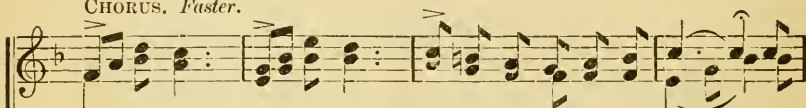
1. When scatter'd or lonely we wander here, Good Shepherd, we love Thy call;
2. We wander thro' pastures of good and ill, Yet ev-er our hearts re-joice;
3. Dear Saviour, when comes our last eventide, Thy beautiful gates un-fold;



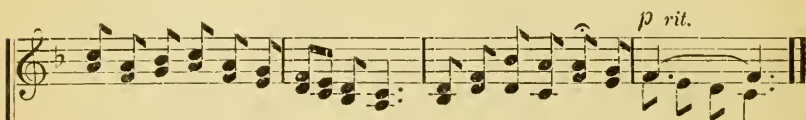
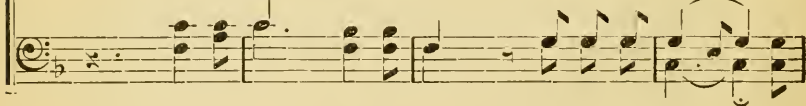
O gath-er us in - to the up - per fold, By and by gather us all.
 If we thro' the dangers or dark may hear, Sweetly, our Leader's kind voice.
 O gath-er us all with the lov'd and true, In - to the heav-en - ly fold.



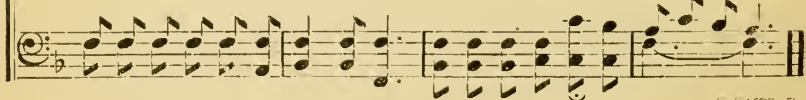
CHORUS. *Faster.*



By and by, by and by, by and by gath-er us all,..... O
 By and by, by and by, gath-er us all,..... O



gather us in - to the up - per fold, By and by, gather us all.....
 gather us all.



From "Ever New." By per.

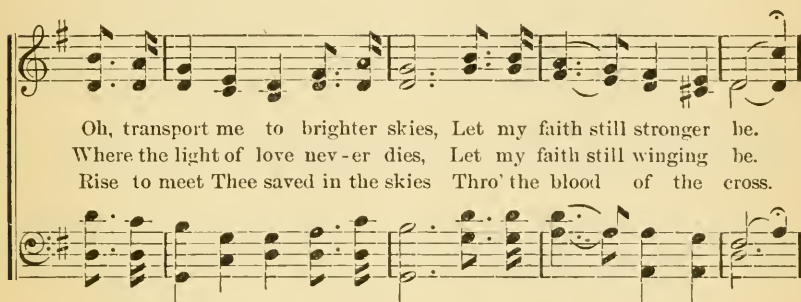
No. 139. IN THE ARMS OF FAITH.

S. W. B.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

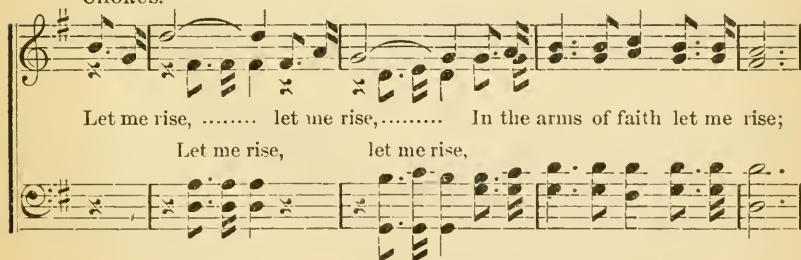


1. In the arms of faith let me rise, And be clos - er drawn to Thee;
 2. In the arms of faith let me rise, For Thy love - li - ness to see;
 3. In the arms of faith let me rise, Rise a - bove all earth's remorse,

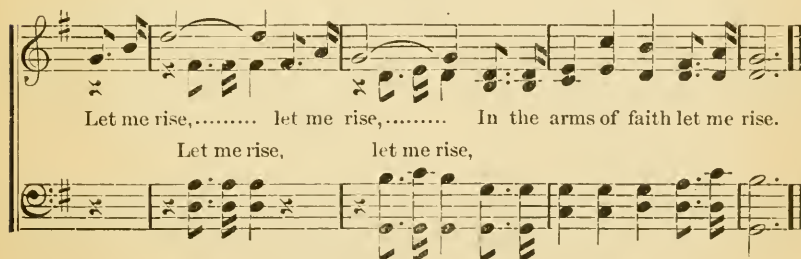


Oh, transport me to brighter skies, Let my faith still stronger be.
 Where the light of love nev - er dies, Let my faith still winging be.
 Rise to meet Thee saved in the skies Thro' the blood of the cross.

CHORUS.



Let me rise, let me rise, In the arms of faith let me rise;
 Let me rise, let me rise,



Let me rise, let me rise, In the arms of faith let me rise.
 Let me rise, let me rise,

S. W. Beazley, owner.

"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS, by per.

1. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly, bring in the lost ones, bring them in;
 2. Faith-ful-ly, lov-al-ly, seek ev-'ry wan-d'r'er back to win;
 3. Joy-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly, wel-come the fal-t'ring, help them in;

Pray'rful-ly, trust-ing-ly, lift up the fall-en from their sins.
 Pleading-ly, pa-tient-ly, teach them the new life to be-gin.
 Fer-vent-ly, long-ing-ly, lead them to Christ who saves from sin.

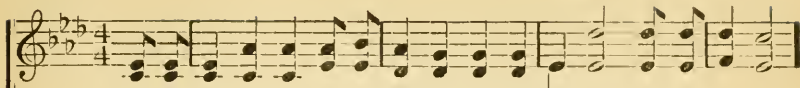
Go, gather them in from the fields of
 Go, gather them in, Go, gather them in, fields, from the fields,

sin, sin, fields of sin, Souls that are dy-ing, that are dy-ing,
 sin, fields of sin, Souls that are dy-ing, souls that are dy-ing,

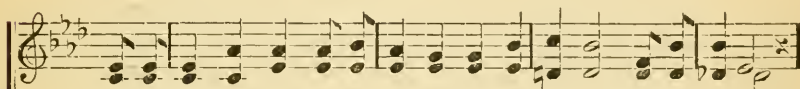
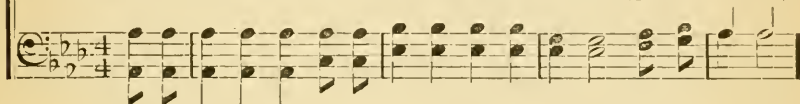
bring them in, bring them in.
 bring them, bring them in, bring them in, souls that are dying, bring, O bring them in.

W. H. R.

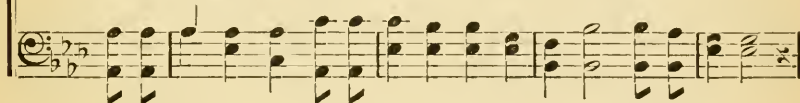
WILL H. RUEBUSH.



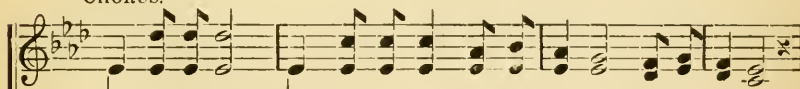
1. O the sweetest name that the tongue can frame Is Je-sus, precious Je - sus;
2. In His praise unite, keep your armor bright For Je-sus, precious Je - sus;
3. When the way is drear, none the heart can cheer Like Jesus, precious Je- sus;



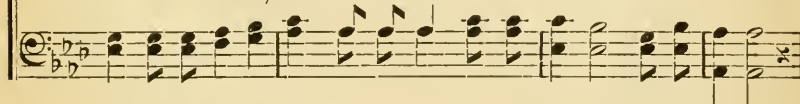
He is strong to aid, let your hope be stayed On Je - sus, precious Je-sus.
 He will clear dark skies, wipe the weeping eyes, Blest Jesus, precious Je-sus.
 Soon we'll gather there, in the mansion fair With Je- sus, precious Je-sus.



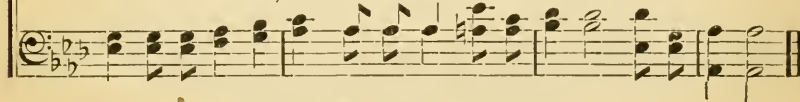
CHORUS.



Je - sus a - lone, make Him thine own, Blessed Je - sus, precious Je-sus;
 oh,



Je - sus a - lone, make Him thine own, Blessed Je - sus, precious Je- sus.
 oh,



1. Precious the promise Je - sus has giv - en, That when the cares of
 2. Burdens of life may hin - der us ev - er, Darkest of clouds the
 3. As you the pathway tread, do your du - ty, Ev - er be faith - ful,

life all are past He has a place prepared up in heav - en,
 skies o - ver - cast, Precious the prom - ise, it fail - eth nev - er,
 true to your trust, Then shall you see the King in His beau - ty,

CHORUS.


We shall be gathered there safe at last. { There is a home..... for the
 We shall be gathered home safe at last. { There is a home..... for the
 You shall be gathered there safe at last. } There is a home

wayworn and wea - ry Waiting up there,..... Waiting up
 lone - ly and drear - y Waiting up there,..... Waiting up
 Waiting up there,

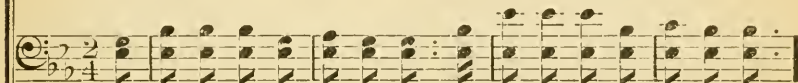
there;..... there, up there, up there.....
 waiting up there; Waiting up there, waiting up there, waiting up there.

JAMES ROWE.

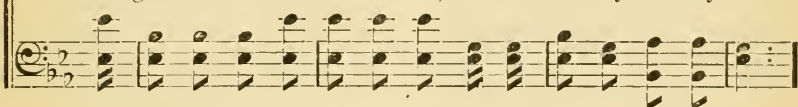
HOWARD E. SMITH.




1. Though jostled dai-ly by the throng, With joyful heart I move a-long,
 2. Though many leagues there still may be Between my Father's house and me,
 3. I can not say when care or woe Or grief a-gain may bend me low;
 4. Though many tri-als mine may be Be-fore the journey's end I see;



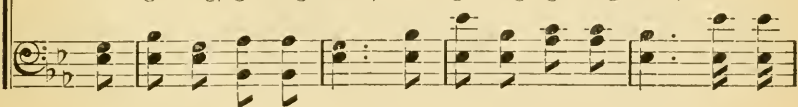
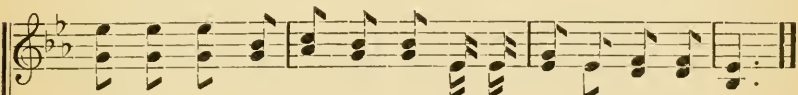

And on my lips there is a song, For I'm go-ing, go-ing home.
 From fear and doubt my heart is free, For I'm go-ing, go-ing home.
 But naught will turn me back, I know, For I'm go-ing, go-ing home.
 A grand reward will come to me, When I reach my heav'nly home.




CHORUS.



I'm go-ing, go-ing home, I'm go-ing, go-ing home, "There is





glad-ness in my soul to-day," For I'm go-ing, go-ing home.

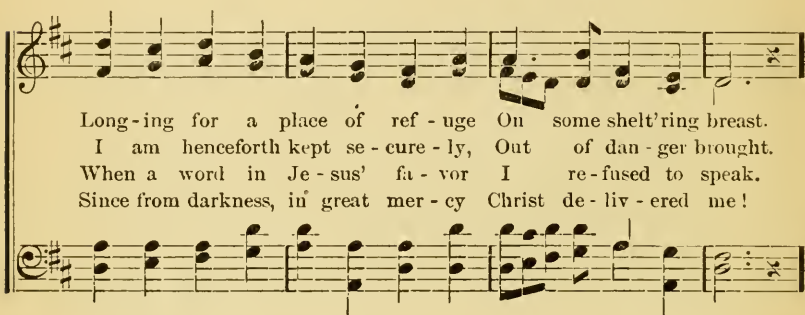


JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

J. H. HALL.

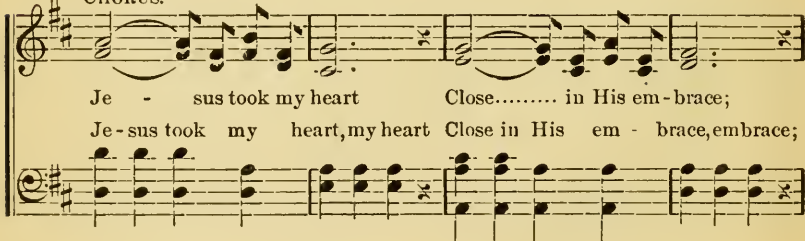


1. When by thoughts of sin Burdened and dis - tressed,
 2. From the mire of sin, From each e - vil thought,
 3. When I doubt - ed most, When my faith was weak,
 4. Now the way is clear, Doubtful shad - ows flee,

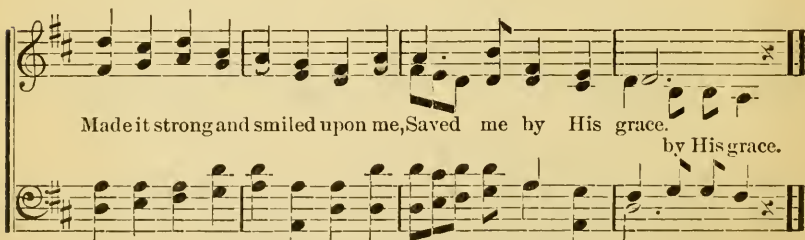


Long - ing for a place of ref - uge On some shelt'ring breast.
 I am henceforth kept se - cure - ly, Out of dan - ger brought.
 When a word in Je - sus' fa - vor I re - fused to speak.
 Since from darkness, in' great mer - cy Christ de - liv - ered me!

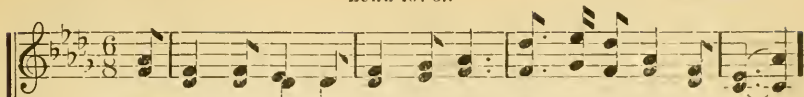
CHORUS.




Je - sus took my heart Close..... in His em - brace;
 Je - sus took my heart, my heart Close in His em - brace, embrace;



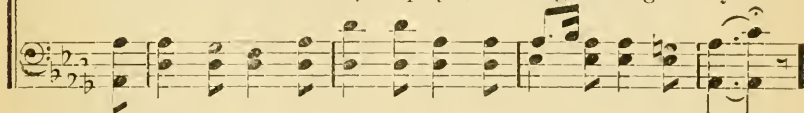
Made it strong and smiled upon me, Saved me by His grace.
 by His grace.




1. Come, contrite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 3. Come, wear-y one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;



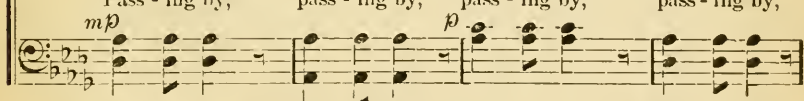

See in His rec - on - cil - el face, The sun - shine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come, where the long-ing heart is bless'd, And on His bo - som lie.
 The love that list - ens to your pray'r, Will no good thing de - ny.



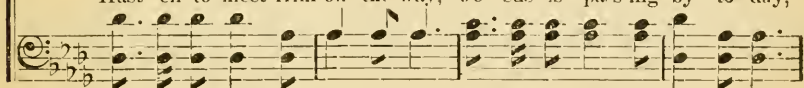

CHORUS.



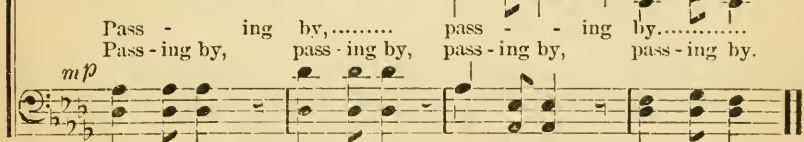
Pass - - ing by, pass - - ing by,
mp Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, *p* pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

Hast - en to meet Him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing by to - day,

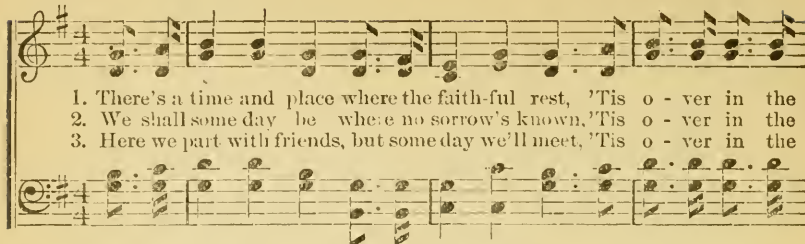
Pass - ing by, *p* pass - ing by, *rit.*
mp Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by.



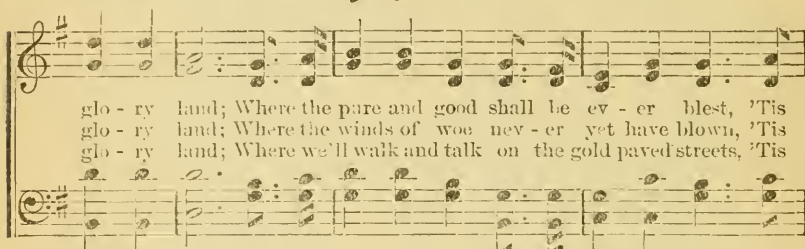
No. 146. 'TIS OVER IN THE GLORY LAND.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

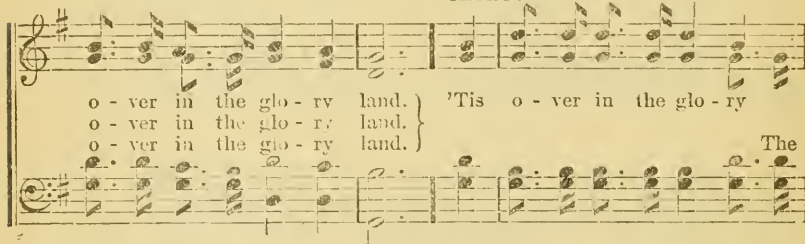


1. There's a time and place where the faith-ful rest, 'Tis o - ver in the
 2. We shall some day be where no sorrow's known, 'Tis o - ver in the
 3. Here we part with friends, but some day we'll meet, 'Tis o - ver in the

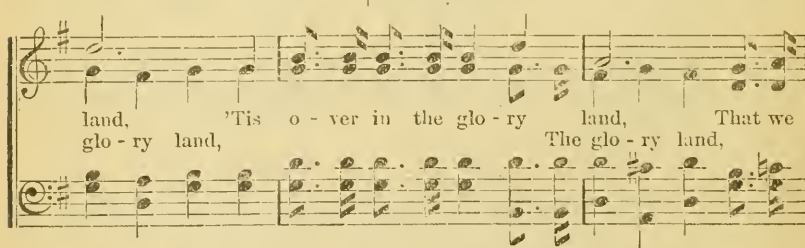


glo - ry land; Where the pure and good shall be ev - er blest, 'Tis
 glo - ry land; Where the winds of woe nev - er yet have blown, 'Tis
 glo - ry land; Where we'll walk and talk on the gold paved streets, 'Tis

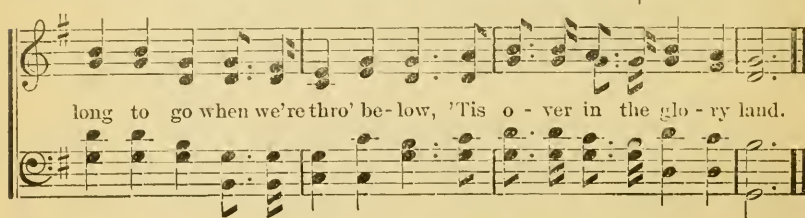
CHORUS.



o - ver in the glo - ry land. } 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry
 o - ver in the glo - ry land. }
 o - ver in the glo - ry land. } The



land, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land, That we
 glo - ry land, The glo - ry land,




long to go when we're thro' be-low, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land.

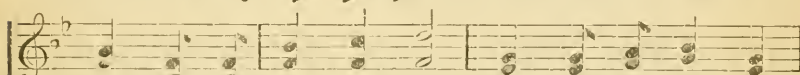
No. 147. WHEN THE GREAT DAY COMES.

W. T. G.


W. T. GIFFE.



1. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa-ther, In-her-it the
 2. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa-ther," Blest words of re-
 3. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa-ther," I know this glad

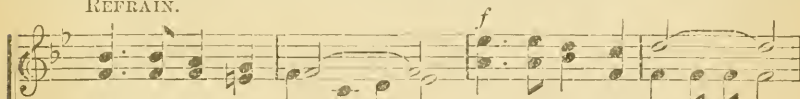


king-dom pre-pared for you;" Thus will the Mas-ter
 damp-tion com-plete and sure; How they will thrill the
 wel-come will ring for me, If I am faith-ful,




say to His serv-ants, Who un-to Him have been faith-ful and true.
 souls that shall hear them With praise ec-stat-ic and love ev-er pure.
 lov-ing and pa-tient, Bear-ing the cross till the crown makes me free.

REFRAIN.



When the great day comes,..... When the great day comes,.....
 When it comes, When it comes,

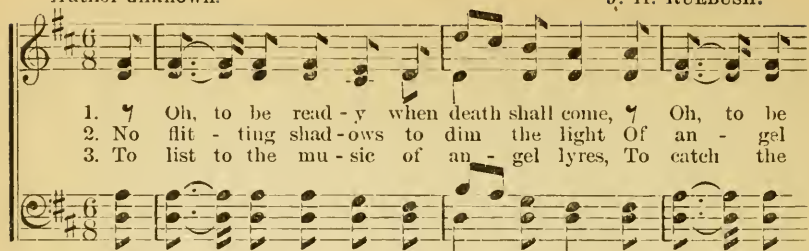


1. & 2. Will you be read-y? Will you be read-y when the great day comes?
 3. May we be read-y; May we be read-y when the great day comes.

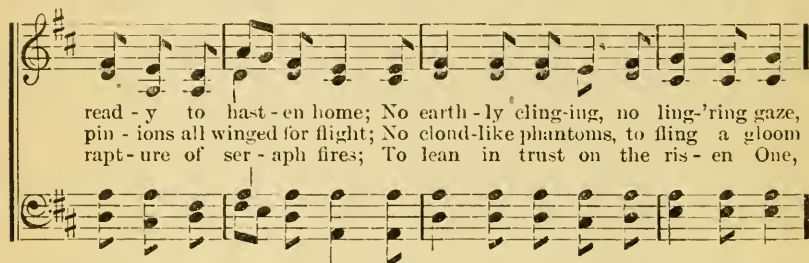
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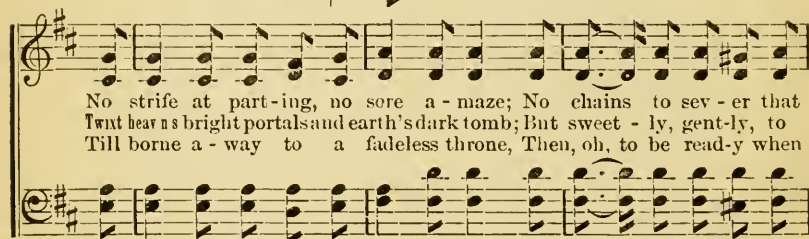
J. H. RUEBUSH.



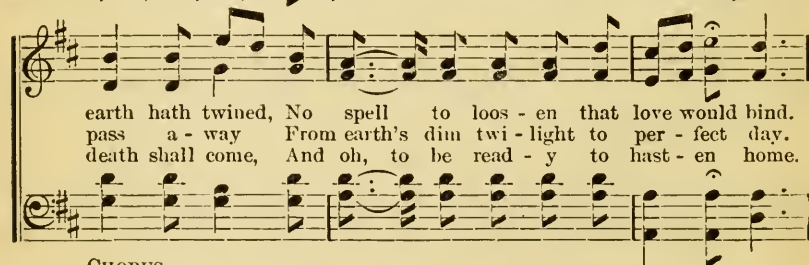
1. ♪ Oh, to be read - y when death shall come, ♪ Oh, to be
 2. No flit - ting shad - ows to dim the light Of an - gel
 3. To list to the mu - sic of an - gel lyres, To catch the



read - y to hast - en home; No earth - ly cling - ing, no ling - ring gaze,
 pin - ions all winged for flight; No cloud - like phantoms, to fling a gloom
 rapt - ure of ser - aph fires; To lean in trust on the ris - en One,

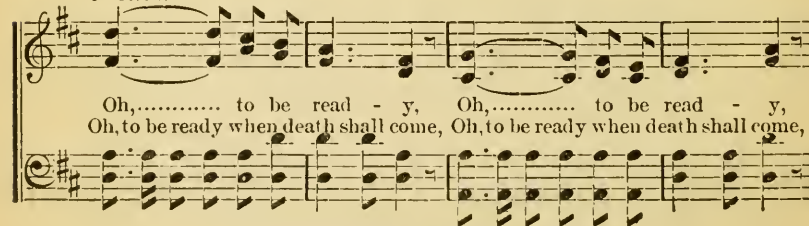


No strife at part - ing, no sore a - maze; No chains to sev - er that
 Twi - ble beams bright portals and earth's dark tomb; But sweet - ly, gent - ly, to
 Till borne a - way to a fadeless throne, Then, oh, to be read - y when



earth hath twined, No spell to loos - en that love would bind.
 pass a - way From earth's dim twi - light to per - fect day.
 death shall come, And oh, to be read - y to hast - en home.

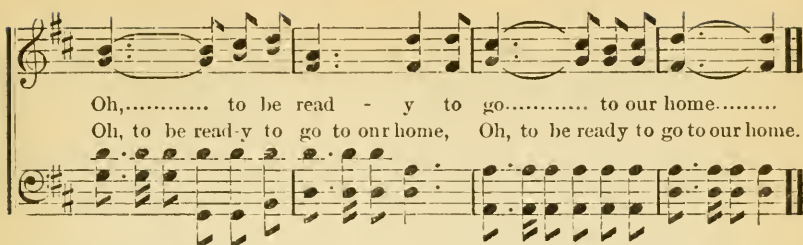
CHORUS.



Oh,..... to be read - y, Oh,..... to be read - y,
 Oh, to be ready when death shall come, Oh, to be ready when death shall come,

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Oh, To Be Ready!—Concluded.



Oh,..... to be read - y to go..... to our home.....
 Oh, to be read-y to go to onr home, Oh, to be ready to go to our home.

No. 149. A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.

Rev. B. H. TRIPP.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.



1. A good ship, a burning wreck Drifted on the ocean wide;
 2. Sinking 'neath the roll-ing deep, In the wide and treachrous main;
 3. Strong in faith, on Christ they call, Helpless on the billowy sea;
 4. Waves nor flame can ne'er devour Those who call on Je-sus' name;

1. A good ship, a burning wreck Drifted on the ocean wide;
 Those who once had trod her deck Battling now the waters, cried:
 Faith a - lone coul'd sing so sweet, Plead-ing-ly the hopeful strain:
 Sing-ing as they rise and fall, Ev - er this their on-ly plea:
 Trusting His al-might-y pow'r, While they sing this sweet re-frain:
 Those who once had trod her deck Battling now the waters, cried:

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee."
 "Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee."

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

L. H. P.

L. H. PARTHMORE.

1. We are valiant soldiers marching on, We're marching on, we're marching on,
 2. With the Gospel banner now unfurled, We're marching on, we're marching on,
 3. O - ver there in Af-ric's sun-ny land, We're marching on, we're marching on,
 4. Vic - to - ries in Chi - na and Ja - pan, We're marching on, we're marching on,

D. C.—With our noble Leader, tried and true, We're marching on, we're marching on,

FINE.

In the way our blessed Saviour's gone; We're marching to the better land.
 Bearing glorious news to all the world; We're marching to the better land.
 And behold, on In-dia's cor - al strand; We're marching to the better land.
 Europe and A - meri - ca in the van; We're marching to the better land.

And the cross of Je - sus e'er in view; We're marching to the better land.

REFRAIN.

March - ing ev - er on - ward, March - ing ev - er on - ward,
 Marching, gladly we are marching on, Marching, steadily, we're marching on,

D. C.

March-ing ev - er on - ward, To glo - rious vic - to - ry:
 March-ing ev - er marching on, we're marching

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W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Slowly.

1. Lost one, the Saviour is call - ing, Will you not seek Him to - night,
 2. Lost one, the Saviour is wait - ing, Hast - en, ac - cept Him just now,
 3. Lost one, the Saviour is stand - ing, His spir - it may cease to ' strive,

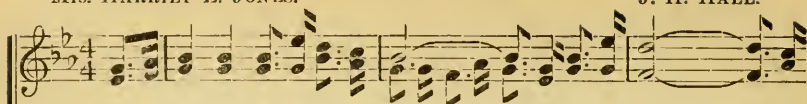
While He is wait - ing to wel - come, Waiting, to lead you a - right;
 Lean on the arms ev - er - last - ing, Low at His foot - stool now bow,
 Won't you let His gracious pres - ence Hope, joy and peace, now re - vive;

Waiting with love and com - pas - sion Deeper than o - cean or sea,
 Give your life in - to His keep - ing, Let Him but guide where He will;
 Sin may hold charms quite al - lur - ing, They will but fade as the leaf,

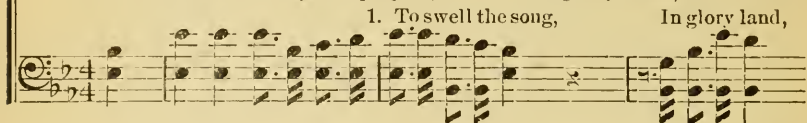
rall.
 Hear His voice softly en - treat - ing, "Wanderer, come un - to me."
 Thro' the vale by the still wa - ters Let Him with joy your life fill.
 Leav - ing no beau - ty for ash - es, Leaving no so - lace but grief.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

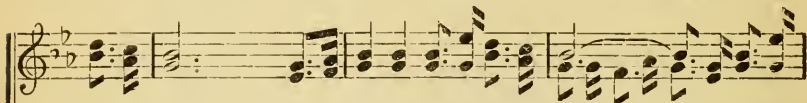
J. H. HALL.



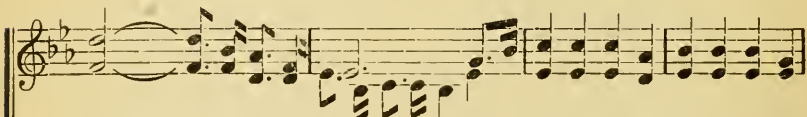
1. O shall I help to swell the song,..... In glo-ry land,.....sweet
2. In that bright home of endless cheer,..... In glo-ry land,.....sweet
3. O Son of God, my soul prepare,..... For glo-ry land,.....sweet



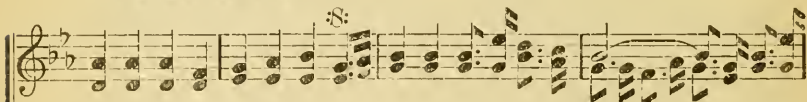
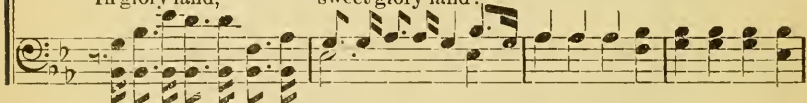
1. To swell the song, In glory land,



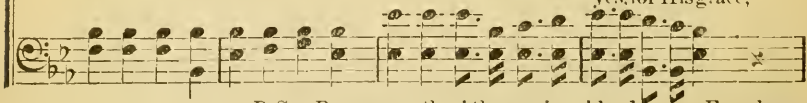
glo-ry land, Be one among the ransom'd throng,..... In glo-ry
 glo-ry land, Shall I behold the friends so dear,..... In glo-ry
 glo-ry land, Give me the robe that all must wear,..... In glo-ry
 sweet glory land, the ransom'd throng,



land,.....sweet glory land? O shall I see His blessed face, Who
 land,.....sweet glory land? O can it be that we shall meet, In
 land,.....sweet glory land! O Lord, the precious blood apply, My
 In glory land, sweet glory land?



died to save a sinful race, Forever praise Him for His grace,..... In glory
 love and joy each other greet, To - gether sit at Jesus' feet,..... In glory
 sin-ful soul to pur - i - fy, That I may live with Thee on high,..... In glory
 yes, for His grace,



D.S.—Prepare me thro' the precious blood,..... For glory

Sweet Glory Land.—Concluded.

FINE. CHORUS.

land,.....sweet glory land,..... O loving, suf - - f'ring
 In glory land, sweet glory land. O loving, suff'ring
 land,.....sweet glory land,.....

D.S.

Son of God,..... Who all a - lone..... the winepress trod;
 the Son of God, Who all alone the winepress trod;

No. 153. FOUNTAIN OF BLESSING.

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON.

H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Teach me some me-lodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;
 3. Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thine help I'm come;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.

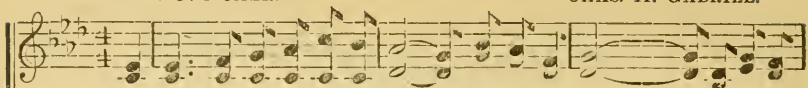
4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy grace, now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

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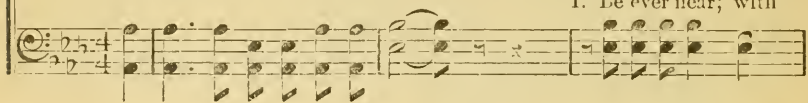

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. We need Thee, tender, faithful Guide, Be ev - er near; with us a -
 2. O may we fol - low day by day The straight and nar - row shining
 3. Lord, with Thine everlasting arm Protect our souls from ev'ry

1. Be ever near; with


bide; From us temp - ta - tion, doubt and fear re - move, And
 way, That lead - eth safe - ly o - ver care and strife To
 harm; Re - veal Thy - self in ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, And
 us a - bide;




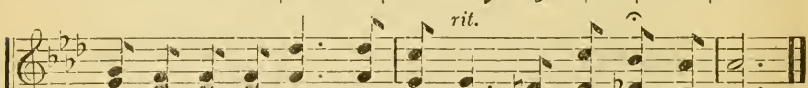
CHORUS.



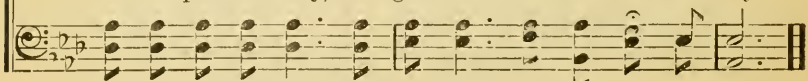
keep us in Thy love. Search me, O God, my heart discern,
 ev - er - last - ing life. }
 keep us in Thy pow'r. Search me, O God, my heart discern,

Try me, my ver - y heart to learn; See if in
 Try me, my ver - y heart to learn;

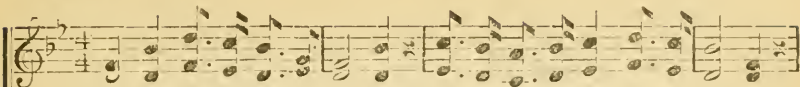
rit.
 e - vil paths I stray, And guide me in th'e - ter - nal way.



No. 155. TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

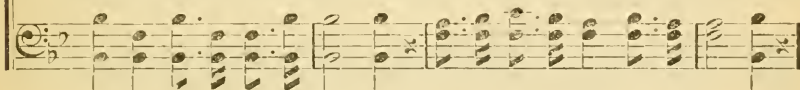
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Where the jasper walls are beaming, Where the pearly portals are glow-ing,
2. O - pen are the shining por-tals; Shut by day or night are they nev-er;
3. In that many-mansioned dwelling, Je - sus one for you is pre - par-ing;
4. Joy - ful - ly in - to the keep - ing Of our lov-ing Lord are we go - ing;
5. There shall be no days de-clin-ing, Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven:



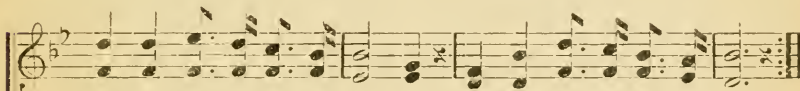
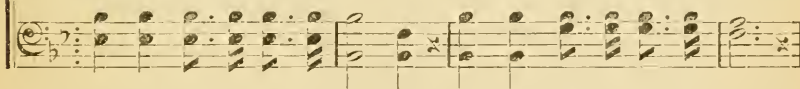
Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flow-ing,
With the glo-ri-fied in-mor-tals, Will you dwell with them forever-more?
Where ho-san-nas glad are swelling, Will you come, there joy sweetly sharing?
No more sorrow, pain, nor weeping—No more waves of woe o'er us flow-ing.
From amid-t the throne is shin-ing Glo-ry, from the Lord free ly giv-en.



CHORUS.



Down be-side that wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,



We shall meet and live for ev - er, To that cit - y will you go?

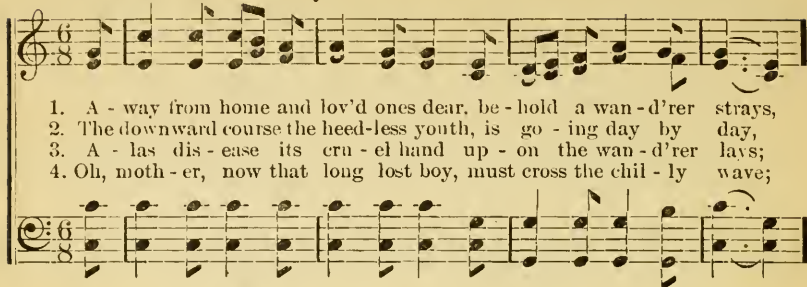


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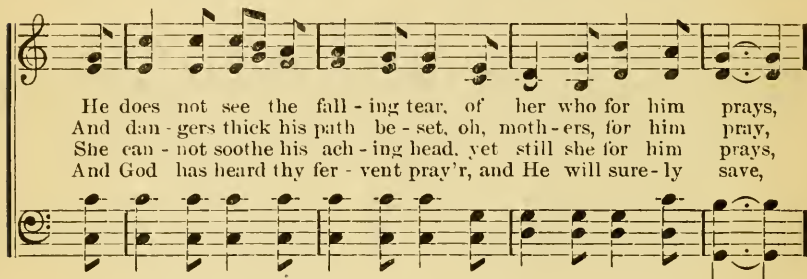
Respectfully dedicated to bereaved mothers.

C. M. B.

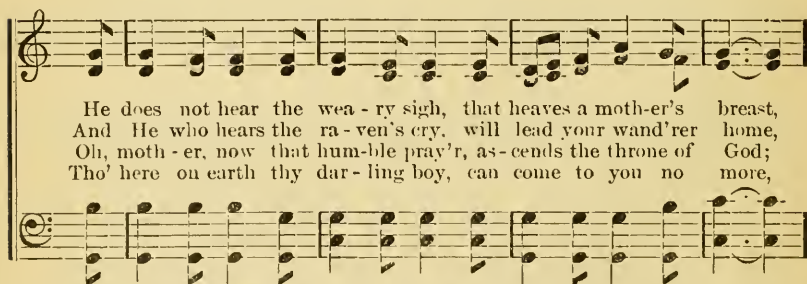
C. M. BARNES.

Good as a Solo. Not too fast.


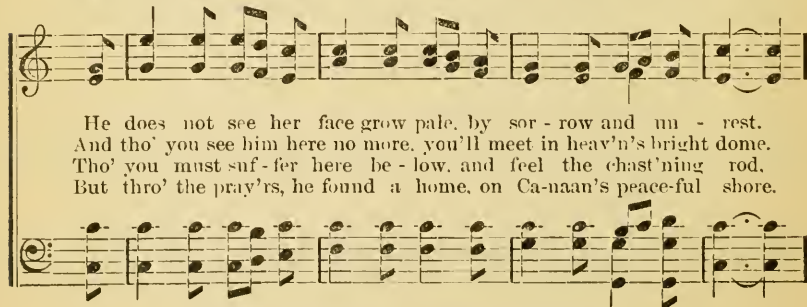
1. A - way from home and lov'd ones dear, be - hold a wan - d'r'er strays,
 2. The downward course the heed-less youth, is go - ing day by day,
 3. A - las dis - ease its cru - el hand up - on the wan - d'r'er lays;
 4. Oh, moth - er, now that long lost boy, must cross the chil - ly wave;



He does not see the fall - ing tear, of her who for him prays,
 And dan - gers thick his path be - set, oh, moth - ers, for him pray,
 She can - not soothe his ach - ing head, yet still she for him prays,
 And God has heard thy fer - vent pray'r, and He will sure - ly save,



He does not hear the wea - ry sigh, that heaves a moth - er's breast,
 And He who hears the ra - ven's cry, will lead your wand'r'er home,
 Oh, moth - er, now that hum - ble pray'r, as - cends the throne of God;
 Tho' here on earth thy dar - ling boy, can come to you no more,



He does not see her face grow pale, by sor - row and un - rest.
 And tho' you see him here no more, you'll meet in heav'n's bright dome.
 Tho' you must suf - fer here be - low, and feel the chast'ning rod.
 But thro' the pray'rs, he found a home, on Ca - naan's peace - ful shore.

Where Is My Boy?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh! where is my boy to - night, Oh! where is my boy to - night,
to-night, to-night,

rit. - e - dim.
A-way from home and loved ones dear, Oh! where is my boy to - night?

No. 157.

BOOK OF GRACE.

THOMAS MACKELLAR:

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

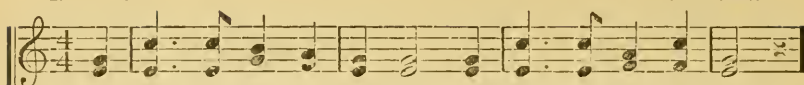
1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth;
2. Book of love! in ac - cents ten - der, Speak - ing un - to such as we;
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh - ing, Con - so - la - tion finds in thee;
4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare - well to friends we love,

Wondrous in thy sa - cred sto - ry. Bright, bright with truth, Bright, bright with truth.
May it lead us, Lord, to ren - der All, all to Thee. All, all to Thee.
As it hears the Sav - iour cry - ing: "Come, come to Me." "Come come to Me."
Give us for the life then closing, Life, life a - bove. Life, life a - bove.

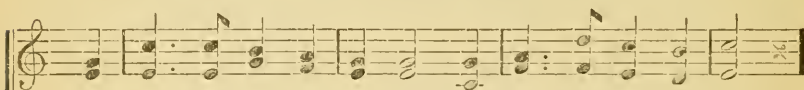
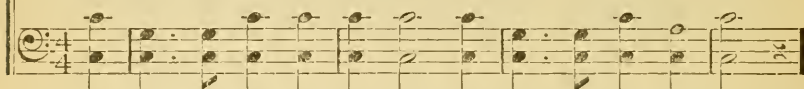
No. 158. HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

I. B. W.

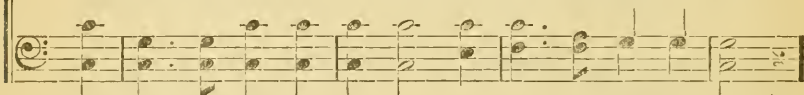
I. B. WOODBURY.



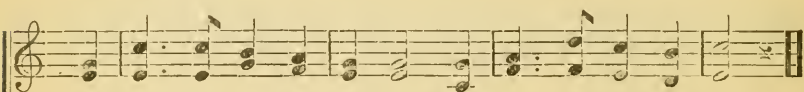
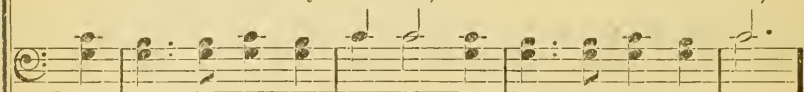
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har-vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Trust in your sharpened sick - le. And gath - er in the grain:
3. Come down from hill and moun-tain In morn-ing's ru - dy glow,
4. Mount up the heights of wis-dom, And crush each er - ror low;



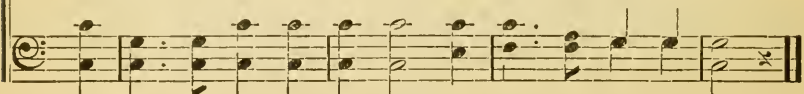
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
The night is fast ap - preach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.
Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
Keep back no word of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know;



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with strong - er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In serv - ice of the Lord,




The gold - en morn is pass - ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - er'd, And waste up - on the p'ain?
And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.





No. 159. SALVATION FULL AND FREE.

Rev. R. F. BROOKS.

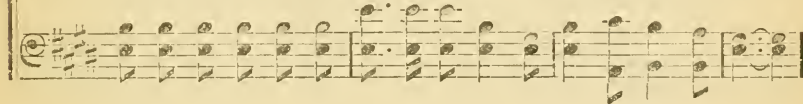
R. H. BROOKS.




1. Sing 'till all nations the Saviour shall own, Sal - va - tion full and free;
2. Sing out glad prais-es in man-sions of light, Sal - va - tion full and free;
3. Sing the glad ti-dings where e'er you may go, Sal - va - tion full and free;



We shall then sing 'round the beautiful throne, Sal - va - tion full and free.
 Sing 'mid earth's sorrows, its darkness and night, Sal - va - tion full and free.
 Sing, that the erring in darkness may know, Sal - va - tion full and free.



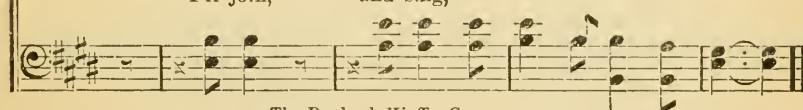
CHORUS.



I'll praise..... His name,..... He ev - er cares for me,
 I'll praise His name,

I'll join,..... and sing,..... Sal - va - tion full and free.
 I'll join, and sing,



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

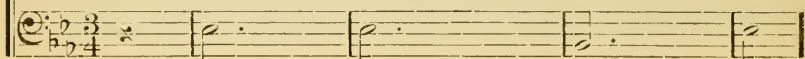
E. A. BARNES.

C. C. CASE.

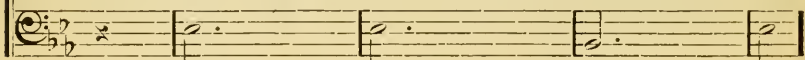
DUET.



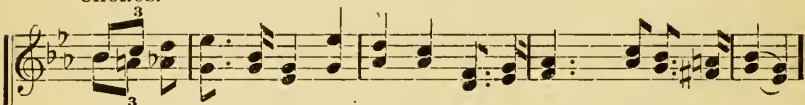
1. See the chil-dren of our care and love, As they gath-er here to - day;
2. Here they lis-ten to the gos - pel word That is full of life and truth:
3. They are learning to be good and kind, As the children all should be;
4. Saviour, hear us from Thy courts above, Bless the children here to - day;



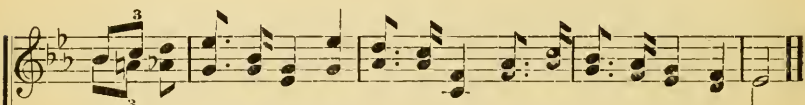
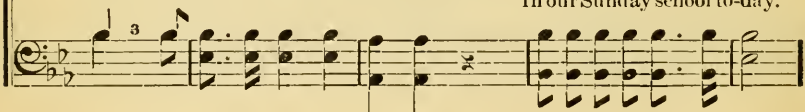
Hear them sing-ing to the Lord a-bove, As in - deed the children may.
 Here we show them how to seek the Lord, In the days of ear - ly youth.
 They are learn-ing how to keep in mind What the Saviour loves to see.
 Keep and guide them by Thy hand of love, Lest in sin they go a - stray.



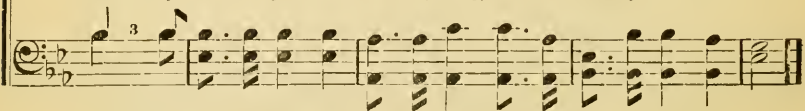
CHORUS.



Glad - ly do we meet the chil-dren In our Sun - day school to - day.
 In our Sunday school to-day.

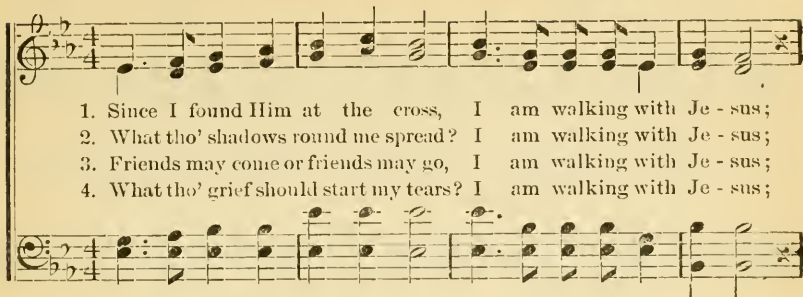


Glad - ly do we join them as they sing, In our Sunday school to-day.

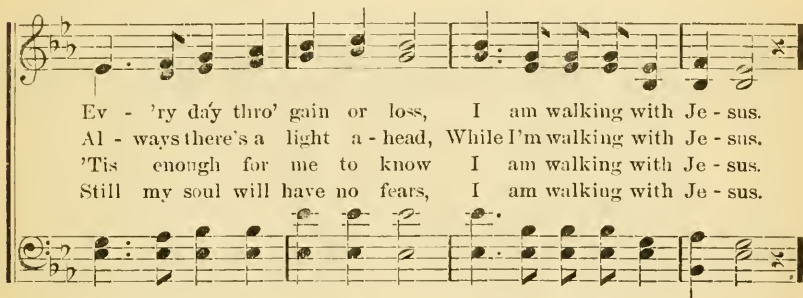


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

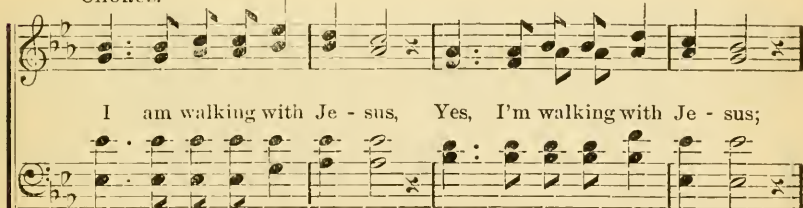


1. Since I found Him at the cross, I am walking with Je - sus;
 2. What tho' shadows round me spread? I am walking with Je - sus;
 3. Friends may come or friends may go, I am walking with Je - sus;
 4. What tho' grief should start my tears? I am walking with Je - sus;

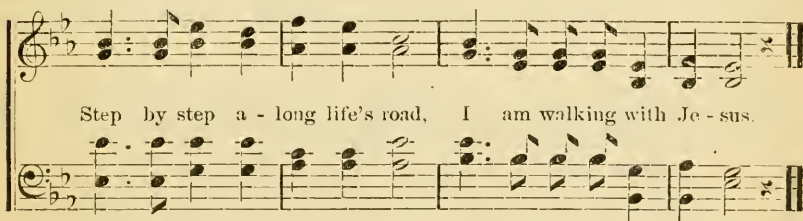


Ev - 'ry day thro' gain or loss, I am walking with Je - sus.
 Al - ways there's a light a - head, While I'm walking with Je - sus.
 'Tis enough for me to know I am walking with Je - sus.
 Still my soul will have no fears, I am walking with Je - sus.

CHORUS.



I am walking with Je - sus, Yes, I'm walking with Je - sus;



Step by step a - long life's road, I am walking with Je - sus.

5 Tho' I walk up Calvary's hill,
 I am walking with Jesus;
 Or Gethsemane so still,
 I am walking with Jesus.

6 Soon His face I will behold,
 I am walking with Jesus;
 Soon upon the streets of gold,
 I'll be walking with Jesus.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1st PETER 5: 4.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

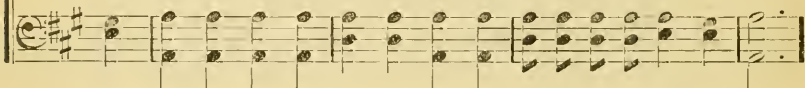
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Poor, wea - ry pil - grim on your way To yon - der shining realms of love,
2. There is to each and ev - 'ry soul, Or - dained a cross in love to bear;
3. Then glad - ly take the crown to - day, And bear it no - bly to the end,



Tho' dark and drear - y seem the day, A light is shin - ing bright a - bove.
And lights are shin - ing on the goal, Where they the golden crown will wear.
Tho' rough may seem the thorn - y way, And mortal hands no help extend.



Tho' heav - y be the cross you bear, And oft in sor - row be cast down,
Yet if they will re - fuse the cross, And bear it not with will - ing heart,
The heav - i - er the cross may be, The brighter then will seem the crown.

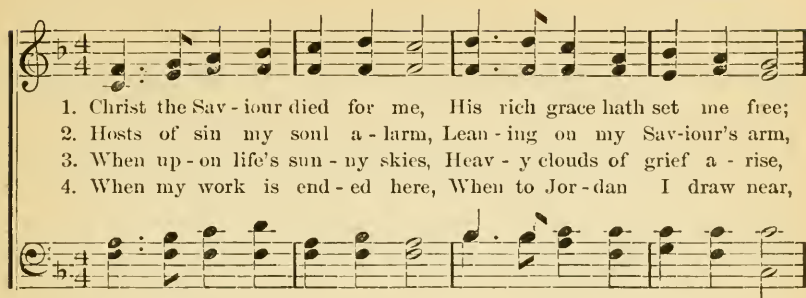


Yet, bear the cross and you shall wear A glo - rious and im - mor - tal crown.
Their por - tion on - ly will be dross; No crown to them will God im - part.
When you the land of glo - ry see, And at the Saviour's feet bow down.

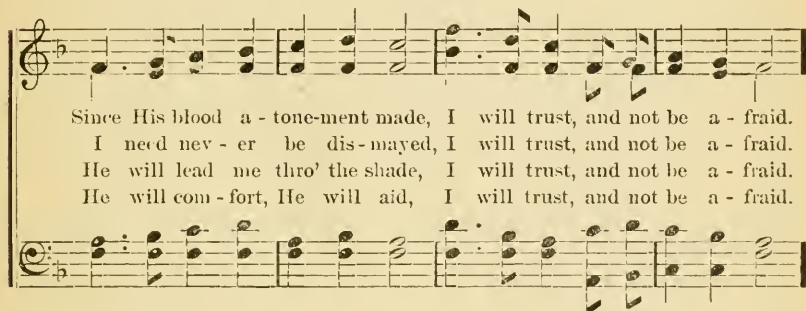


E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

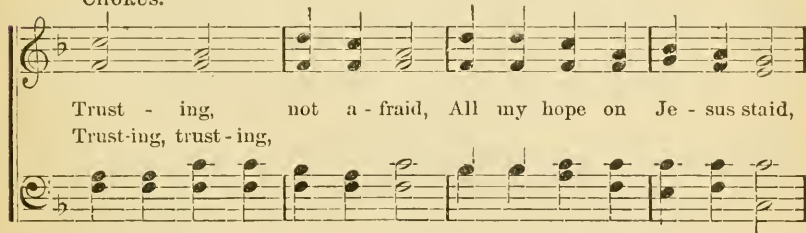


1. Christ the Sav - iour died for me, His rich grace hath set me free;
 2. Hosts of sin my soul a - larm, Lean - ing on my Sav-iour's arm,
 3. When up - on life's sun - ny skies, Heav - y clouds of grief a - rise,
 4. When my work is end - ed here, When to Jor - dan I draw near,

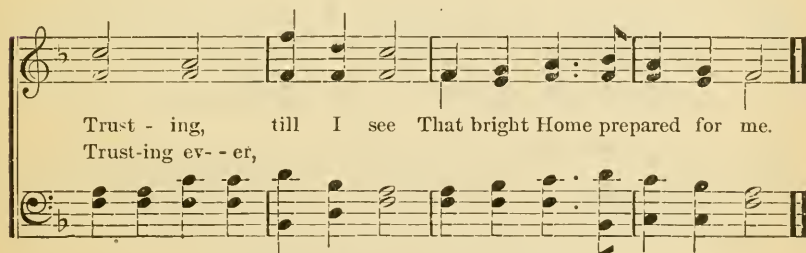


Since His blood a - tone-ment made, I will trust, and not be a - afraid.
 I need nev - er be dis - mayed, I will trust, and not be a - afraid.
 He will lead me thro' the shade, I will trust, and not be a - afraid.
 He will com - fort, He will aid, I will trust, and not be a - afraid.

CHORUS.



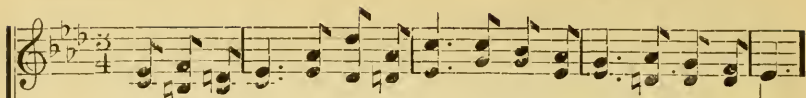
Trust - ing, not a - afraid, All my hope on Je - sus staid,
 Trust-ing, trust-ing,



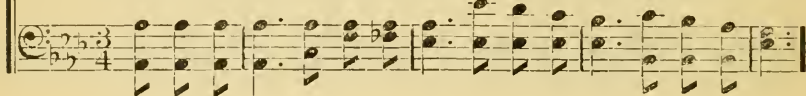
Trust - ing, till I see That bright Home prepared for me.
 Trust-ing ev - er,

W. H. R.

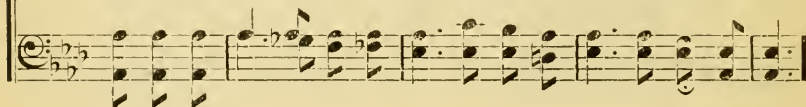
W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. 'Twill not be long, O toiling throng, All clouds dispelled by perfect dawn,
2. 'Twill not be long till joy and song Will banish tho't of doubt and w:ong,
3. 'Twill not be long, faint heart be strong, The road we trod to God leads on,



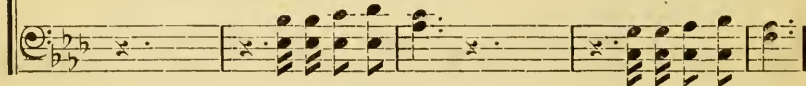
O wea-ry breast by care oppress, 'Twill not be long, 'twill not be long.
 When blinding grief will find re- lief, 'Twill not be long, 'twill not be long.
 Tho' sore-ly tried by wind and tide, 'Twill not be long, 'twill not be long.



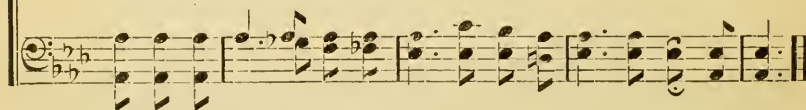
CHORUS.*



O joy-ful song..... O crys-tal gleam.....
 of the blood-wash'd throng, of the living stream!



O shining strand, O glo-ry land, O gates of gold, O joy un-told!




* The sopranos should part sing upper notes and part lower ones.

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No. 165. WE'LL BE HAPPY OVER THERE.

L. G. M.

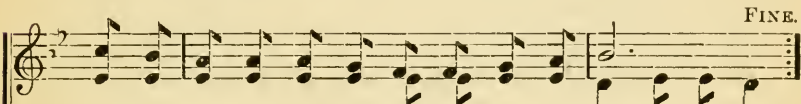
L. G. McCLENDON.



1. { Say, dear broth-er, will you meet me in that land so bright and fair, }
 { Where the saints of countless a - ges, and the white-robed an - gels are? }
 2. { We will meet our friends and loved ones, at our Father's snow-white throne. }
 { Where no sickness, pain or sor - row, and sad part - ings nev - er come? }
 3. { We will meet our bless - ed Sav - iour, in that land of end - less light, }
 { We will sing and shout for - ev - er, in those mansions fair and bright! }

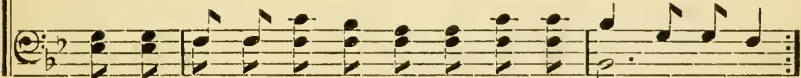


D.C.—Yes, dear brother, we will meet and sing to - geth - er there on high,




FINE.

We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!
 We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!
 We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!

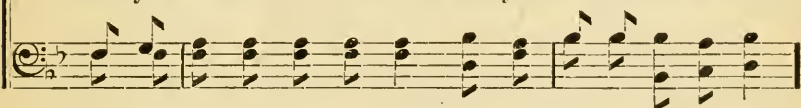
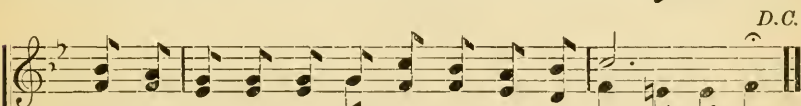


And be hap - py and be hap - py o - ver there!

CHORUS.




Will you meet me o - ver there? Will you meet me o - ver there?

D.C.

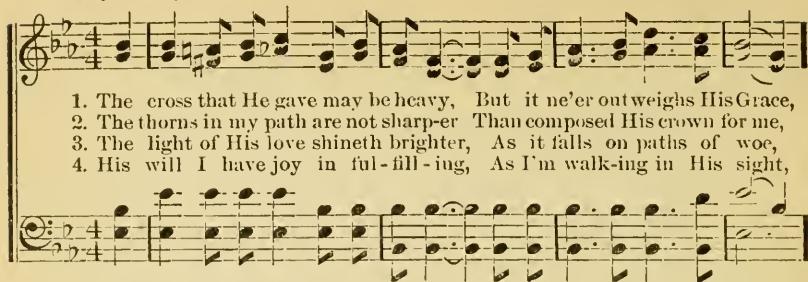
Will you meet me in that cit - y bright and fair?
 bright and fair?



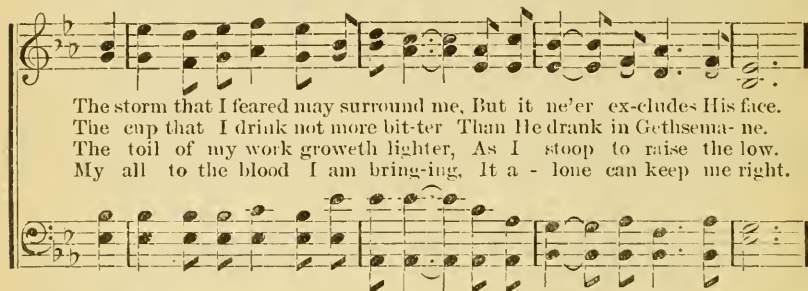
No. 166. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

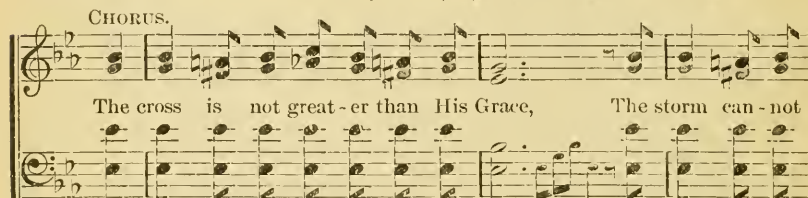


1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out weighs His Grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

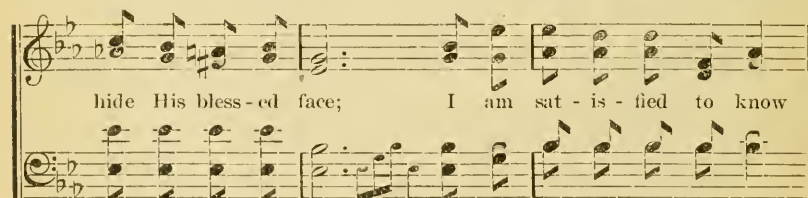


The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsema-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

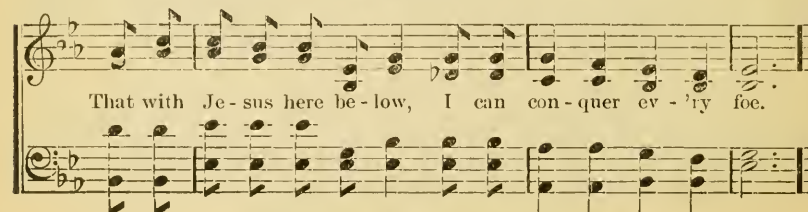
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know

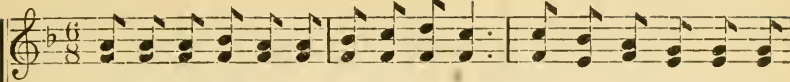


That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-ry foe.

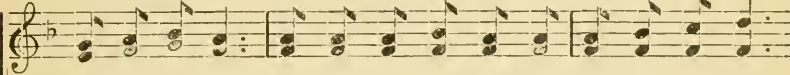
Used by per. of Com. Ballington Booth.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

J. H. HALL.




1. Counting my numberless blessings to - day, Lift - ing my soul from life's
 2. Numberless blessings, why should I receive, I, so un - worth - y, so
 3. Numberless, yes, I am counting them still, O - ver and o - ver my




bur - den - some way. Cheer - ing my heart with what's promised to come,
 slow to be - lieve? In - fi - nite good - ness my soul doth re - pay,
 cup He doth fill; Num - ber - less mer - cies, like sands of the sea,

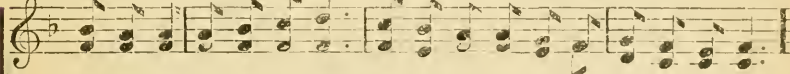
CHORUS.



Pressing my way t'ward my heav-en - ly home.
 Num - ber - less blessings at - tend - eth my way. } Numberless blessings I'm
 Won - der - ful blessings my God giv - eth me. }



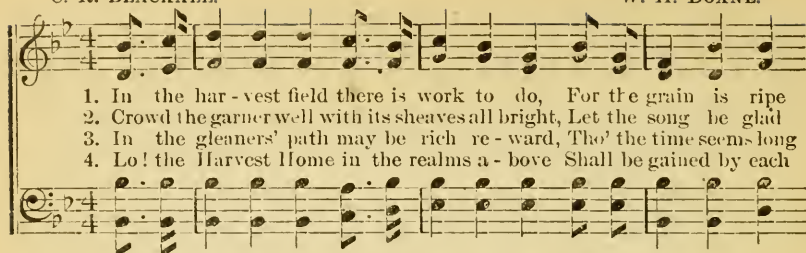
counting to-day, Numberless blessings on life's rugged way; Guiding me



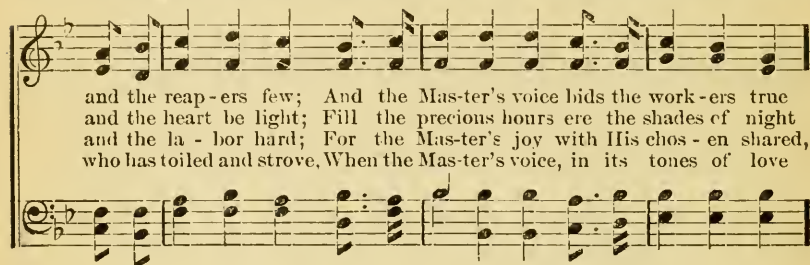
onward and upward they come, Cheering and blessing and helping me home.

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

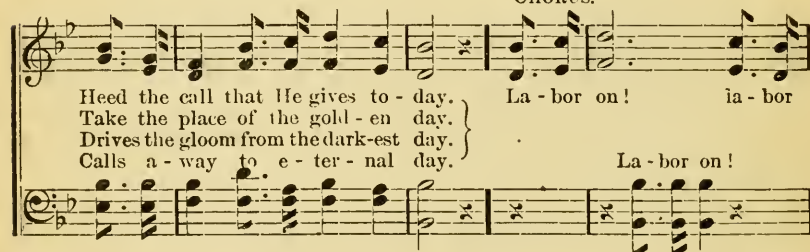


1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe
 2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad
 3. In the gleaners' path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long
 4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each

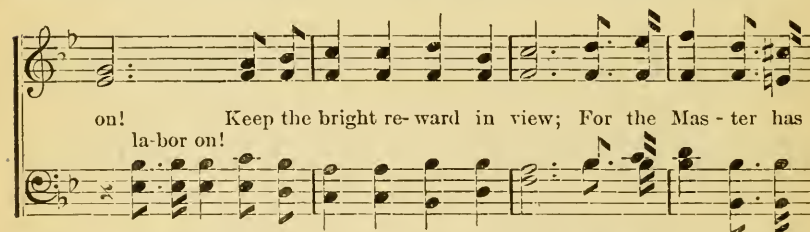


and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
 and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours ere the shades of night
 and the la-bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy with His chos-en shared,
 who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love

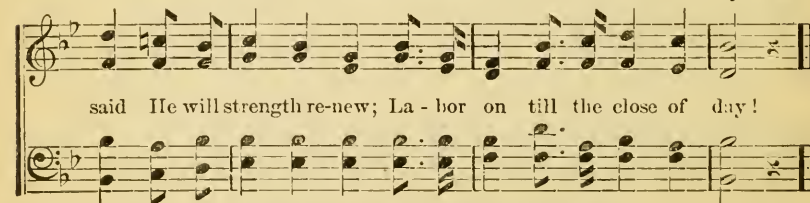
CHORUS.



Heed the call that He gives to-day. La-bor on! la-bor
 Take the place of the gold-en day.
 Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
 Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. La-bor on!



on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas-ter has
 la-labor on!



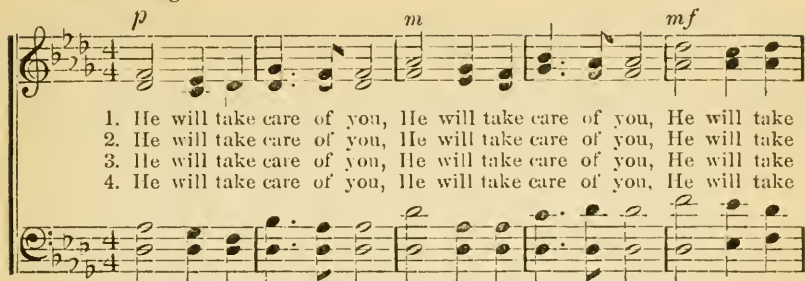
said He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day!

No. 169. HE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

Words arranged.

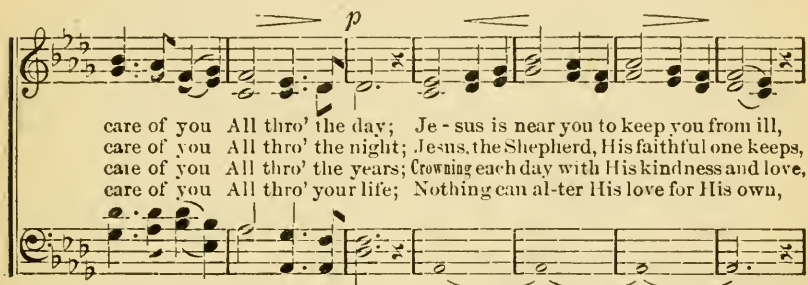
Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

p *m* *mf*



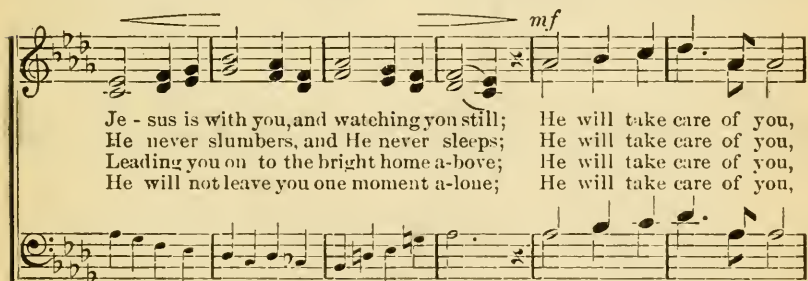
1. He will take care of you, He will take care of you, He will take
 2. He will take care of you, He will take care of you, He will take
 3. He will take care of you, He will take care of you, He will take
 4. He will take care of you, He will take care of you, He will take

p



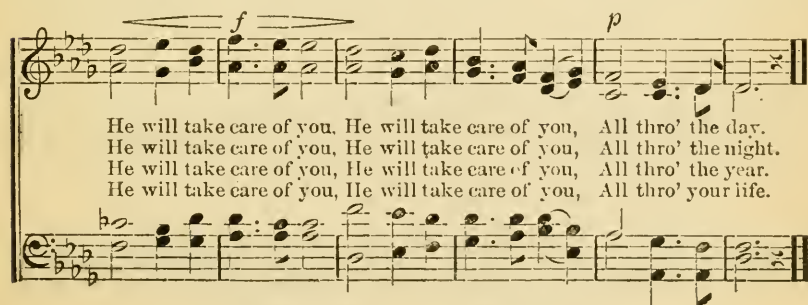
care of you All thro' the day; Je - sus is near you to keep you from ill,
 care of you All thro' the night; Jesus, the Shepherd, His faithful one keeps,
 care of you All thro' the years; Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
 care of you All thro' your life; Nothing can al-ter His love for His own,

mf



Je - sus is with you, and watching you still; He will take care of you,
 He never slumbers, and He never sleeps; He will take care of you,
 Leading you on to the bright home a-hove; He will take care of you,
 He will not leave you one moment a-lone; He will take care of you,

f *p*



He will take care of you, He will take care of you, All thro' the day.
 He will take care of you, He will take care of you, All thro' the night.
 He will take care of you, He will take care of you, All thro' the year.
 He will take care of you, He will take care of you, All thro' your life.

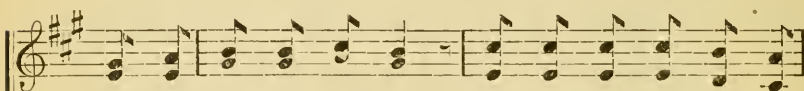
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

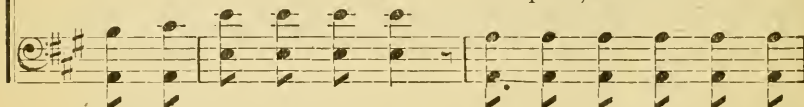
A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."



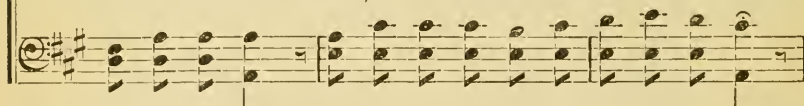
1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad



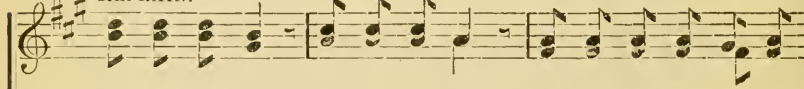
at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
tered the val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!—who - so -
that for me he was sent!" Whis - pered, while low sank the



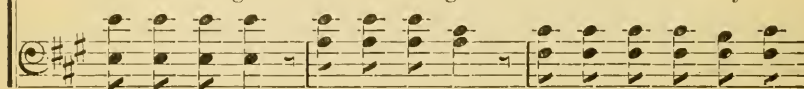
carried—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will He hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er!" said He; "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"



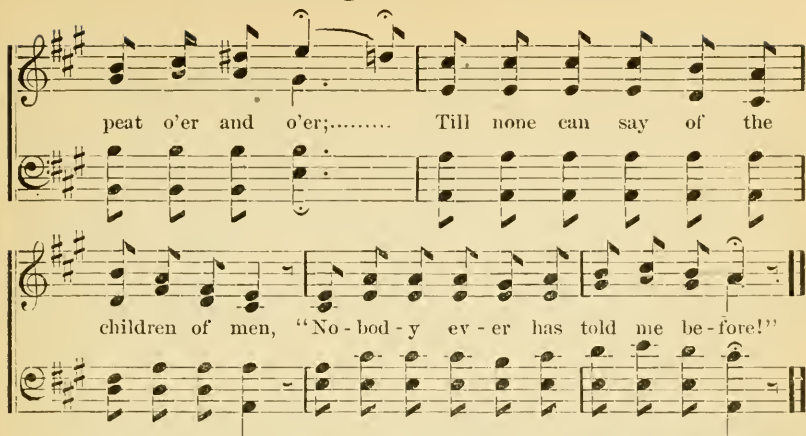
REFRAIN.



Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re -



Tell It Again.—Concluded.



peat o'er and o'er;..... Till none can say of the
children of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be-fore!"

No. 171. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. Oh, let me cling to Thee, Thou art my all, My strong de-
2. As Thou hast died for me, Thou art my all, Help me to
3. Thy will be done, not mine, Thou art my all, Keep me with

liv-'rer be, Thou art my all; Thy promise I be-lieve,
live for Thee, Thou art my all; I crave no wealth un-told,
pow'r di-vine, Thou art my all; I have re-demp-tion found,

Je-sus, I Thee re-ceive, Thy side I'll nev-er leave, Thou art my all.
But that my heart may hold, The im-press of Thy mould, Thou art my all.
I stand on sol-id ground, No harm can me confound, Thou art my all.

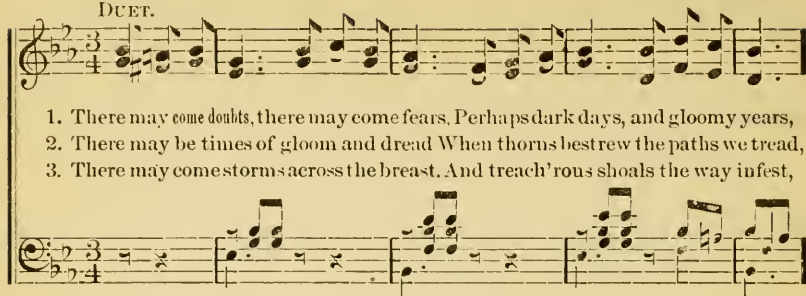
Copyright, 1904, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 172. FEAR NOT, I'LL GO WITH THEE.

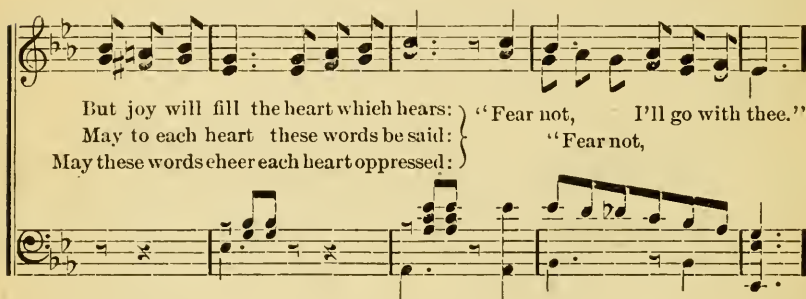
W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. HALL.

DUET.

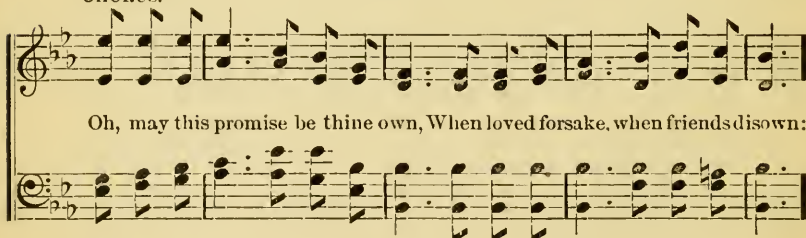


1. There may come doubts, there may come fears, Perhaps dark days, and gloomy years,
 2. There may be times of gloom and dread When thorns bestrew the paths we tread,
 3. There may come storms across the breast, And treach'rous shoals the way infest,

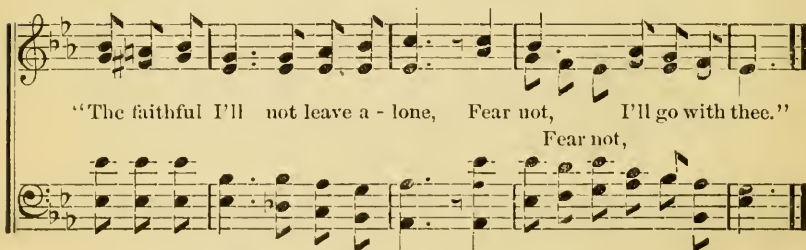


But joy will fill the heart which hears: "Fear not, I'll go with thee."
 May to each heart these words be said: "Fear not,
 May these words cheer each heart oppressed:

CHORUS.



Oh, may this promise be thine own, When loved forsake, when friends disown:




"The faithful I'll not leave a - lone, Fear not, I'll go with thee."
 Fear not,

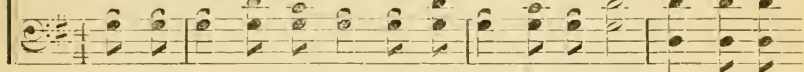
No. 173. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



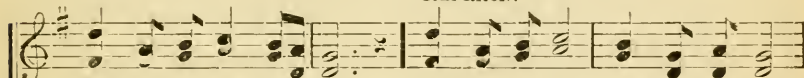
1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His



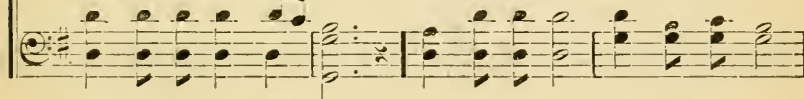
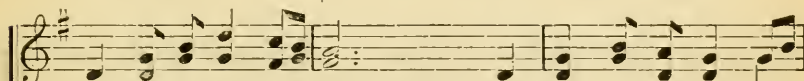

sin op - press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
 loves you best, By His death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,



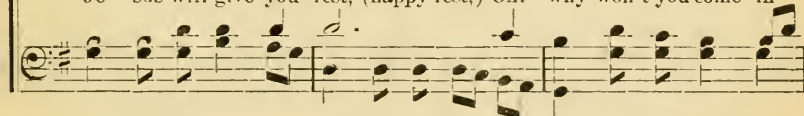
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) Oh! why won't you come in




sim - ple, trust - ing faith, Je - sus will give you rest.

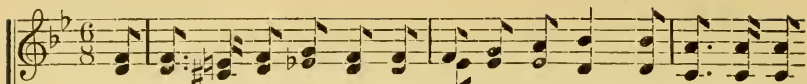


Used by permission.

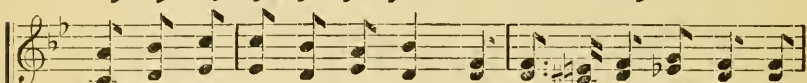
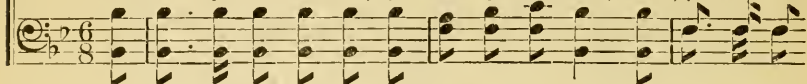
No. 174. MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

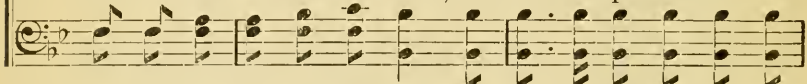
W. H. DOANE.



1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With ten - der com -
2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plung'd in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shadows would
4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come, ye who in



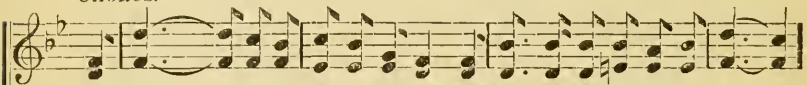
pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and
Spir - it is quickened and stirred; Now grant, blessed Sav - iour, this
melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - iour, I
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to



earn - est - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
serv - ice to me, Of speak - ing a com - fort - ing mes - sage for Thee.
hum - bly im - plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Saviour, to - day.



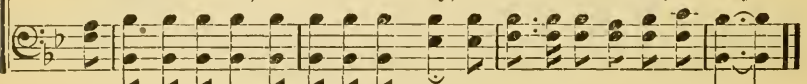
CHORUS.



Lord, make..... me a blessing to-day, A blessing to some one, I pray;
Lord, make me a blessing, I pray;



In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to - day.



"A friend loveth at all times."—PRO. 17: 17.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
 3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley, in
 ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en, and
 live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

D.S.—Lil-y of the Val-ley, the
 FINE.

Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
 all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 nothing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tun tempts me sore,
 Then sweeping up to glo-ry, to see His bless-ed face,

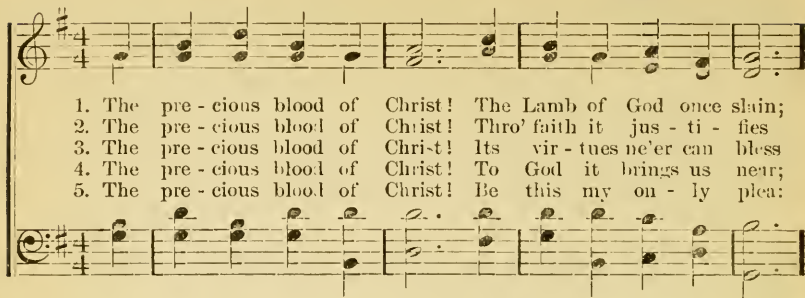
He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll; (Hallelujah!) He's the
 Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal; (Hallelujah!) He's the
 Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll; (Hallelujah!) He's the

No. 176. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

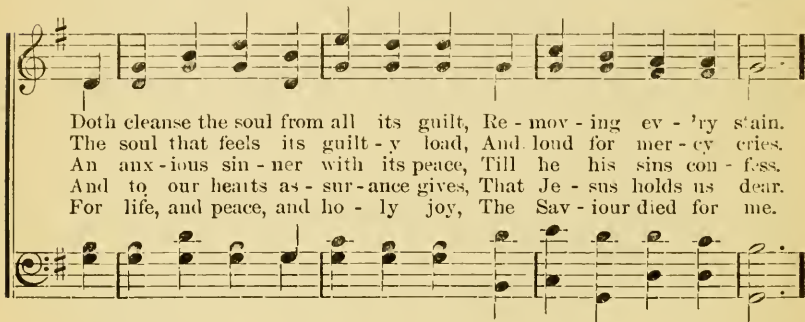
"With the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 19.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

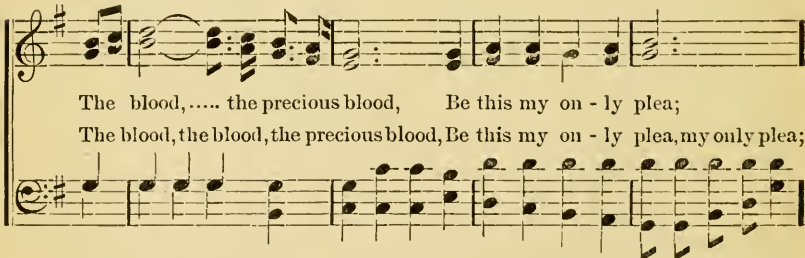


1. The pre - cious blood of Christ! The Lamb of God once slain;
 2. The pre - cious blood of Christ! Thro' faith it jus - ti - fies
 3. The pre - cious blood of Christ! Its vir - tues ne'er can bless
 4. The pre - cious blood of Christ! To God it brings us near;
 5. The pre - cious blood of Christ! Be this my on - ly plea;

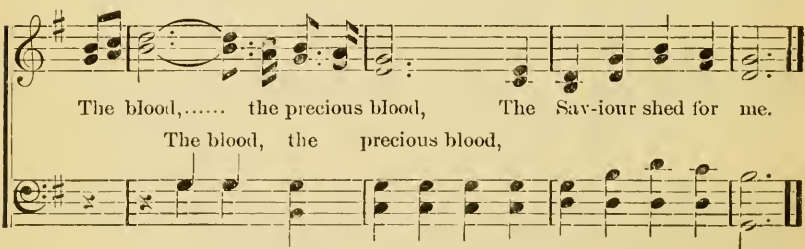


Doth cleanse the soul from all its guilt, Re - mov - ing ev - 'ry stain.
 The soul that feels its guilt - y load, And loud for mer - cy cries.
 An anx - ious sin - ner with its peace, Till he his sins con - fess.
 And to our hearts as - sur - ance gives, That Je - sus holds us dear.
 For life, and peace, and ho - ly joy, The Sav - iour died for me.

CHORUS.

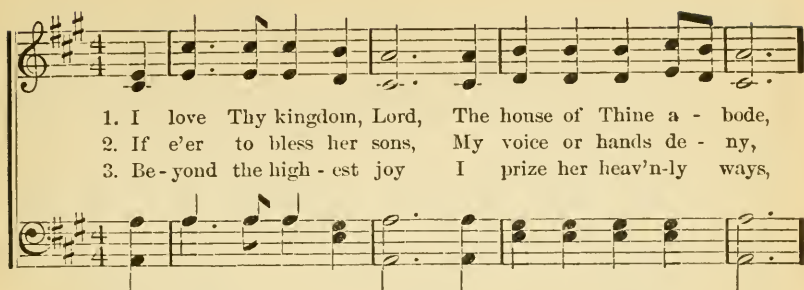


The blood,..... the precious blood, Be this my on - ly plea;
 The blood, the blood, the precious blood, Be this my on - ly plea, my only plea;

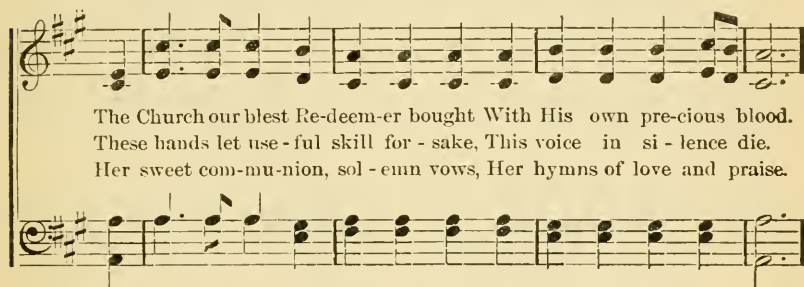


The blood,..... the precious blood, The Sav - iour shed for me.
 The blood, the precious blood,

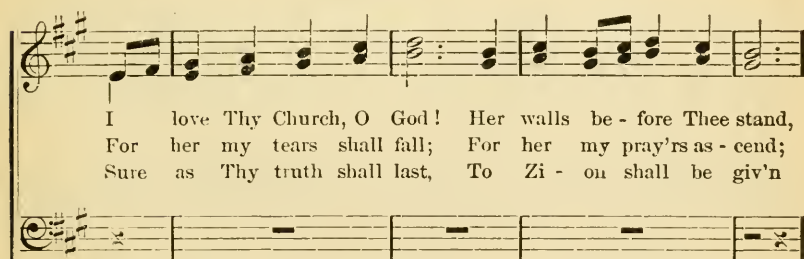
No. 177. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.



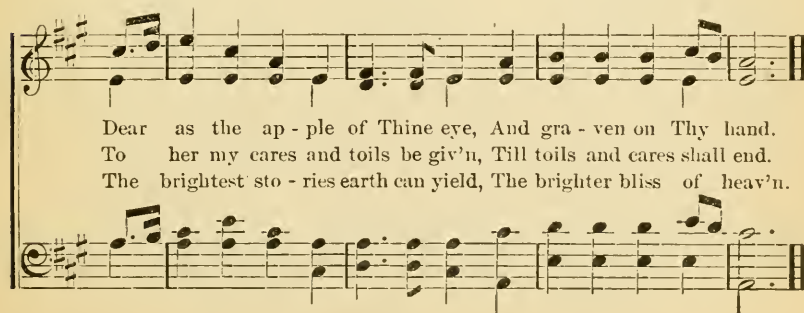
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. If e'er to bless her sons, My voice or hands de - ny,
 3. Be - yond the high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er bought With His own pre-cious blood.
 These hands let use - ful skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.
 Her sweet com-mu-nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



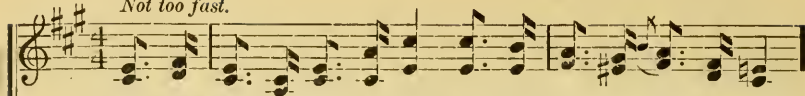
I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



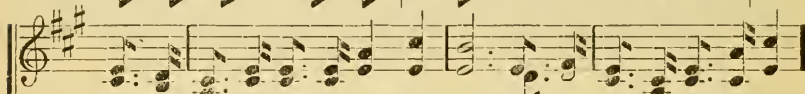
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 The brightest sto - ries earth can yield, The brighter bliss of heav'n.

E. E. HEWITT.

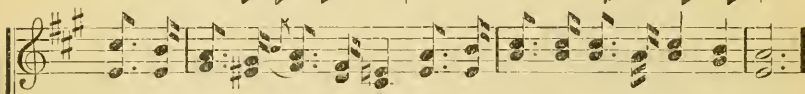
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de - light,



Where shall enter naught that may de-file; Where the day-beam ne'er declines.
 When the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead, For His blood shall wash each stain,



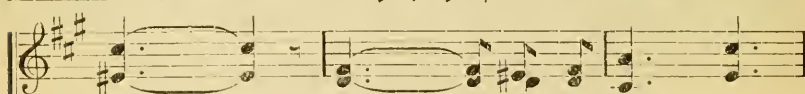
For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.



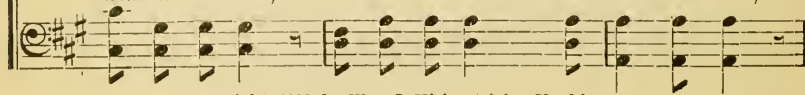
CHORUS.



Beau - - ti - ful robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful
 Beanti-ful robes, beanti-ful robes, Beanti-ful robes.



robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful robes we
 beau-ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,



Beautiful Robes.—Concluded.

then shall wear,..... Gar - - ments of
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Garments of light,
 light,..... love - - ly and bright,.....
 gar-ments of light, Love-ly and bright, love-ly and bright,
 Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti-ful robes we shall wear.

No. 179.

ARBOVALE.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. H. HALL.

1. Let ev-'ry tongue Thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 2. When sor-rows bow the spir-it down, When vir-tue lies dis-tressed,
 3. Thou know'st the pains Thy servants feel, Thou hear'st Thy children's cry;
 4. My lips shall dwell up-on Thy praise, And spread Thy fame a-broad.

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
 Be-neath the proud oppressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn-er rest.
 And their best wish-es to ful-fill, Thy grace is ev-er nigh.
 Let all the sons of Ad-am raise The hon-ors of their God.

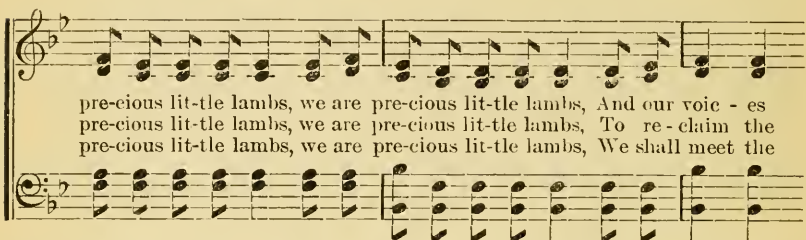
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

W. H. R.

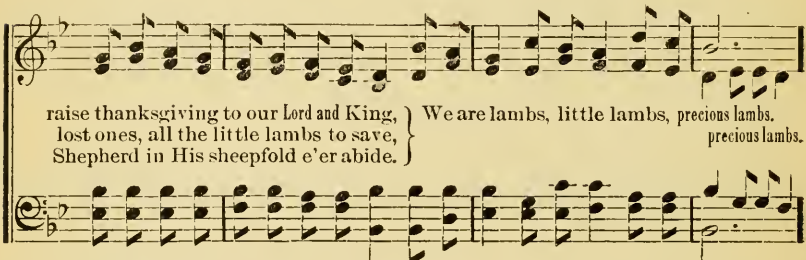
W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. We are lambs of Je - sus, and our hearts their tribute bring, We are
 2. We are lambs of Je - sus, 'twas for such His life He gave, We are
 3. We are lambs of Je - sus, ev - 'ry foot-step He will guide, We are

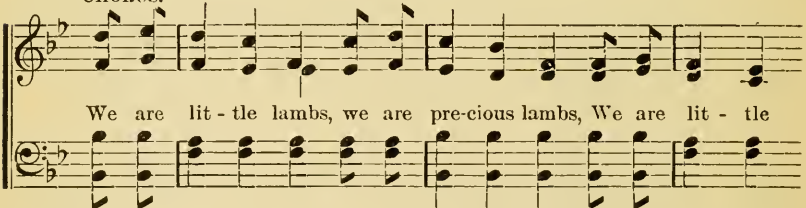


pre-cious lit-tle lambs, we are pre-cious lit-tle lambs, And our voic - es
 pre-cious lit-tle lambs, we are pre-cious lit-tle lambs, To re - claim the
 pre-cious lit-tle lambs, we are pre-cious lit-tle lambs, We shall meet the

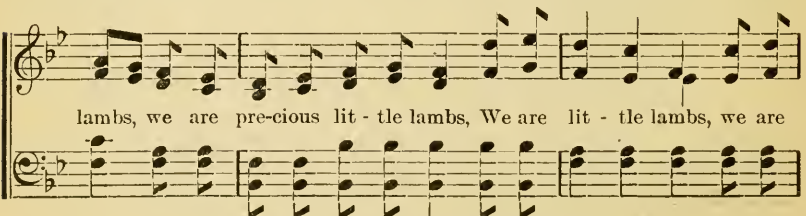


raise thanksgiving to our Lord and King, } We are lambs, little lambs, precious lambs.
 lost ones, all the little lambs to save, } precious lambs.
 Shepherd in His sheepfold e'er abide. }

CHORUS.



We are lit - tle lambs, we are pre-cious lambs, We are lit - tle



lambs, we are pre-cious lit - tle lambs, We are lit - tle lambs, we are

We Are Little Lambs.—Concluded.

pre-cious lambs, We are lambs, lit - tle lambs, pre-cious lamb. (pre-cious lambs.)

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in G major and 4/4 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

No. 181. I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY.

Unknown.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. The bread that giv - eth strength I want to give, The wa - ter
2. I want to give the oil of joy for tears, The faith to
3. I want to give good meas-ure, run - ning o'er, And in - to
4. I want to give to oth - ers hope and faith; I want to

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time, featuring a melody of quarter and half notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 2/2 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

pure that bids the thirst - y live; I want to help the faint - ing
con-quer crowd-ing doubts and fears; Beau - ty for ash - es may I
an - gry hearts I want to pour The an - swer soft that turn - eth
do all that the Mas - ter saith; I want to live a - right from

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major and 2/2 time, featuring a melody of quarter and half notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 2/2 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

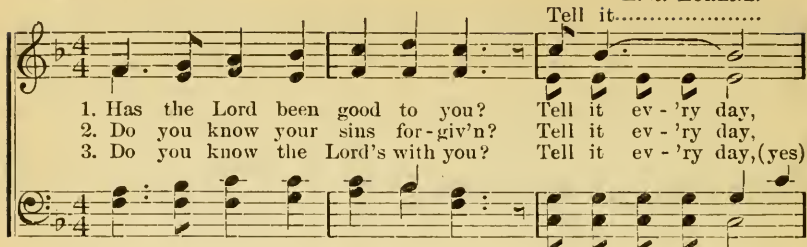
day by day, I'm sure I shall not pass a - gain this way.
give al - way, I'm sure I shall not pass a - gain this way.
wrath a - way, I'm sure I shall not pass a - gain this way.
day by day, I'm sure I shall not pass a - gain this way.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major and 2/2 time, featuring a melody of quarter and half notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 2/2 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

WILL. A. GRIEST.

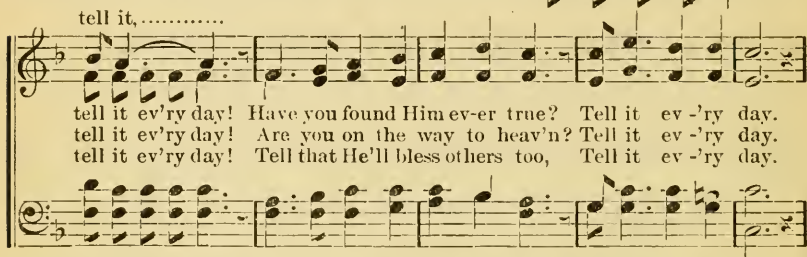
E. S. LORENZ.

Tell it.....

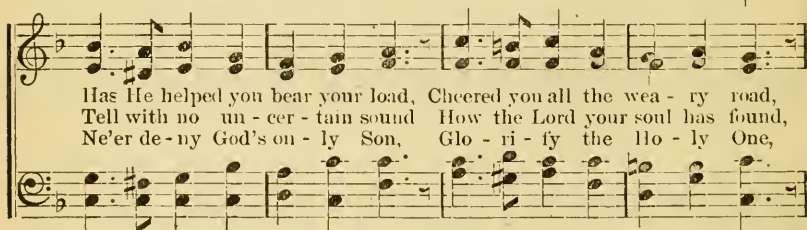


1. Has the Lord been good to you? Tell it ev-'ry day,
 2. Do you know your sins for-giv'n? Tell it ev-'ry day,
 3. Do you know the Lord's with you? Tell it ev-'ry day, (yes)

tell it,

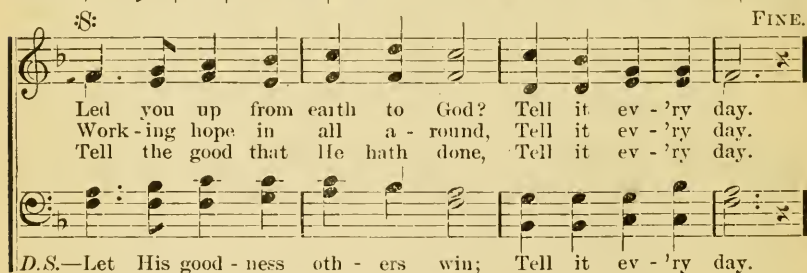


tell it ev'ry day! Have you found Him ev-er true? Tell it ev-'ry day.
 tell it ev'ry day! Are you on the way to heav'n? Tell it ev-'ry day.
 tell it ev'ry day! Tell that He'll bless others too, Tell it ev-'ry day.



Has He helped you bear your load, Cheered you all the wea-ry road,
 Tell with no un-cer-tain sound How the Lord your soul has found,
 Ne'er de-ny God's on-ly Son, Glo-ri-fy the Ho-ly One,

8:



Led you up from earth to God? Tell it ev-'ry day.
 Work-ing hope in all a-round, Tell it ev-'ry day.
 Tell the good that He hath done, Tell it ev-'ry day.

FINE.

D.S.—Let His good-ness oth-ers win; Tell it ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

Tell it, yes, tell it,

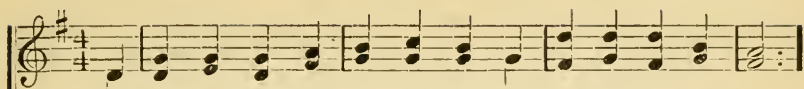


Tell it ev'ry day, yes, tell it ev'ry day, Tell how good the Lord hath been;

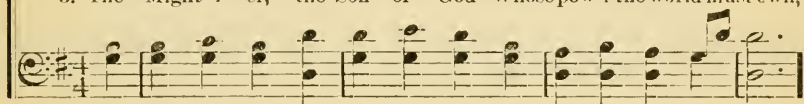
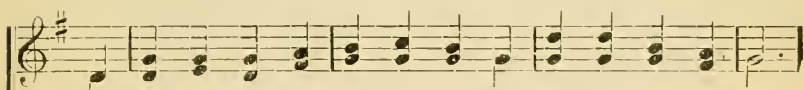
D.S.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.


J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. With joy - ful hearts we hail the morn That bro't Christ from the grave;
 2. I love the Christ of Beth - le - hem, The pure, in - car - nate Word;
 3. The "Might-i - er," the Son of God Whose pow'r the world must own,

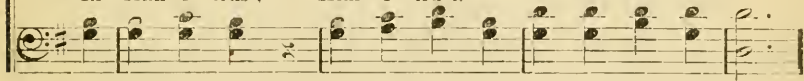
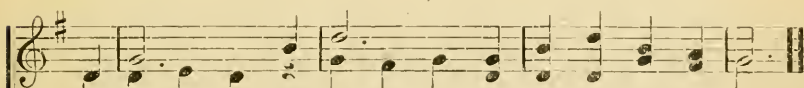
Hail Him who died and rose a - gain, A sin - ful race to save.
 I love the low - ly Naz - a - rene, But most, the ris - en Lord.
 For sin - ful man death's por - tals trod, But now's the ris - en One.



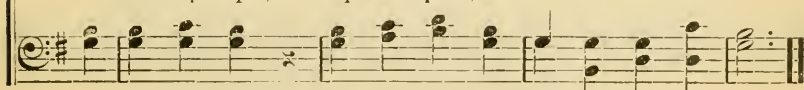
CHORUS.



In Him I trust, He is my con - stant friend;
 In Him I trust, Him I trust.

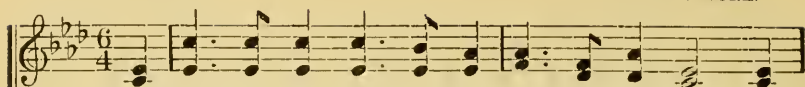



On Him my hopes, My hopes of heav'n de - pend.
 On Him my hopes, Hopes de - pend,

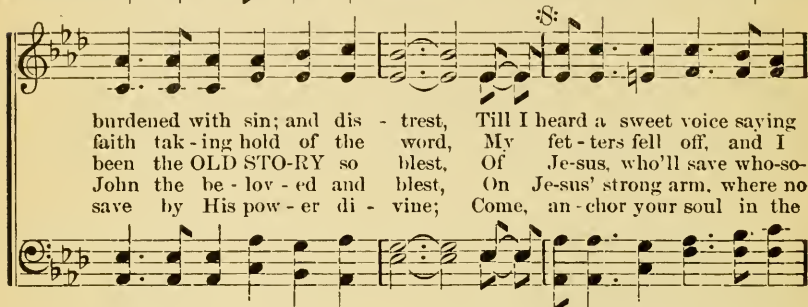
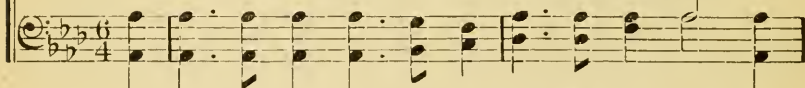


H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

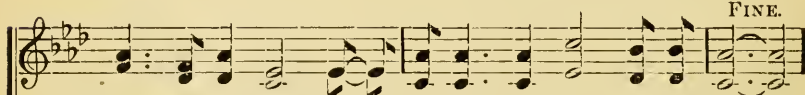


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

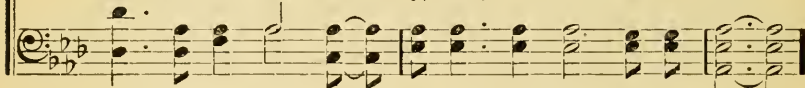


burdened with sin; and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the



"Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Ha - ven of Rest, And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine!"



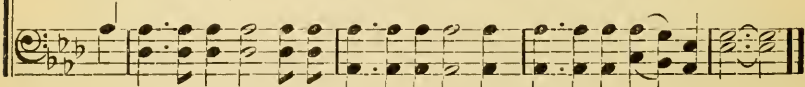
wild, storm-y deep. In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.



I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more.

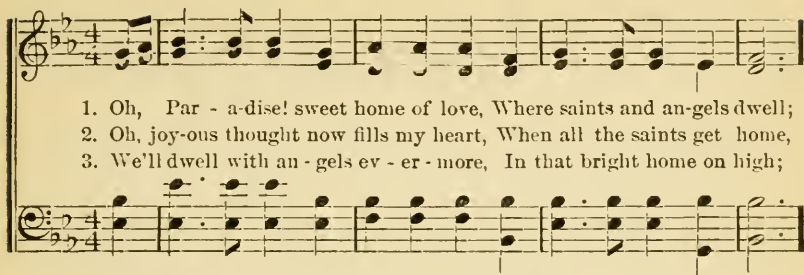


No. 185. WHEN ALL THE SAINTS GET HOME.

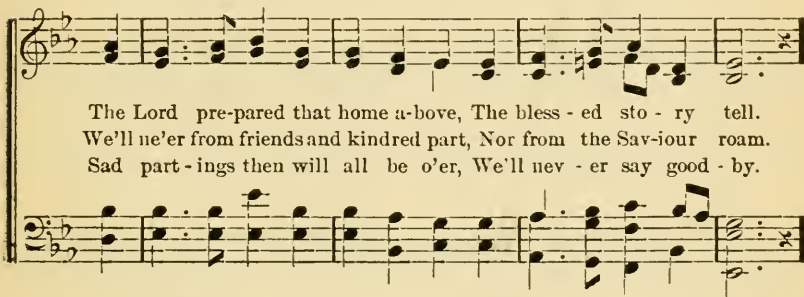
J. H. H.

In Memory of My Sainted Mother.

J. H. HALL.

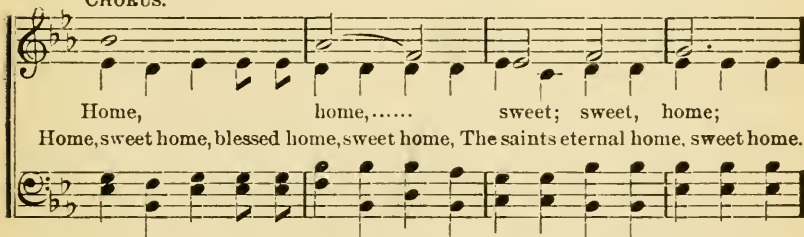


1. Oh, Par - a-dise! sweet home of love, Where saints and an-gels dwell;
 2. Oh, joy-ous thought now fills my heart, When all the saints get home,
 3. We'll dwell with an - gels ev - er - more, In that bright home on high;

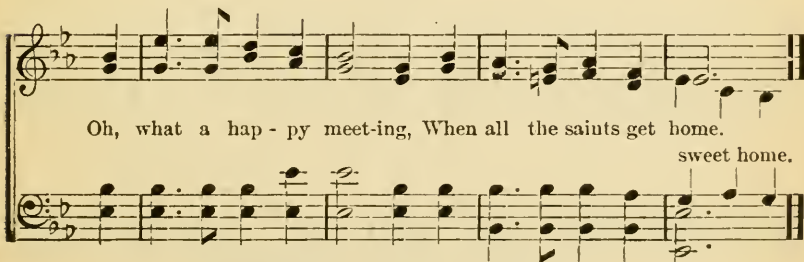


The Lord pre-pared that home a-bove, The bless - ed sto - ry tell.
 We'll ne'er from friends and kindred part, Nor from the Sav-iour roam.
 Sad part-ings then will all be o'er, We'll nev - er say good - by.

CHORUS.



Home, home,..... sweet; sweet, home;
 Home, sweet home, blessed home, sweet home, The saints eternal home, sweet home.



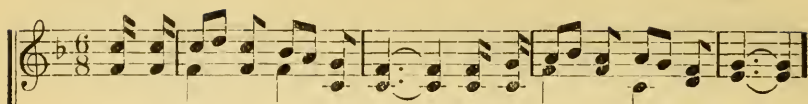
Oh, what a hap - py meet-ing, When all the saints get home.
 sweet home.

Copyright, 1904, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

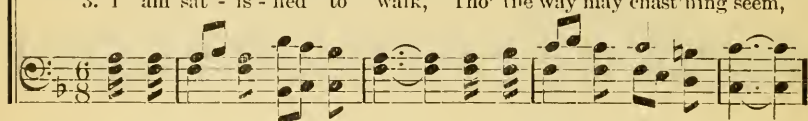
(Last words of President McKinley.)

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. M. GOOD.



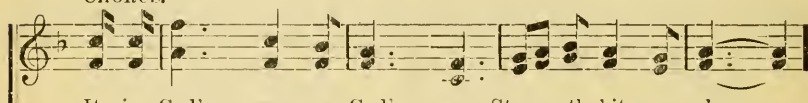
1. I am sat - is - fied to know, Tho' I can not un - der - stand
 2. I am sat - is - fied to be, Tho' I can - not com - pre - hend
 3. I am sat - is - fied to walk, Tho' the way may chas't'ning seem,



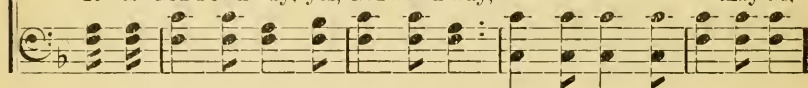


The path in which I go, I'm led by His own hand.
 What all may mean to me, Just where His tho'ts may trend.
 If the af - flict - ing hand, But guide me up to Him.



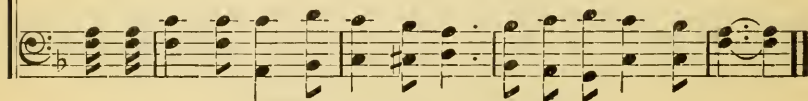
CHORUS.



It is God's way, yes, God's way, Strange tho' it may be,
 It is God's own way, yes, God's own way, may be,

And I fol - low on, "His will be done," "Nearer my God, to Thee."



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Thro' all the strug-gles that come to me here, Je - sus will help,
 2. Je - sus will help when I stum - ble or fall, Je - sus will help,
 3. Je - sus will help me the bat - tle to win, Je - sus will help.
 4. Then on His help I will ev - er re - ly, Je - sus will help,

Je - sus will help; Just at my side He will ev - er be near,
 Je - sus will help; Je - sus will help be my need great or small,
 Je - sus will help; Help me to con - quer my ev - e - ry sin,
 Je - sus will help; Just when I want Him I know He'll be nigh,

CHORUS.

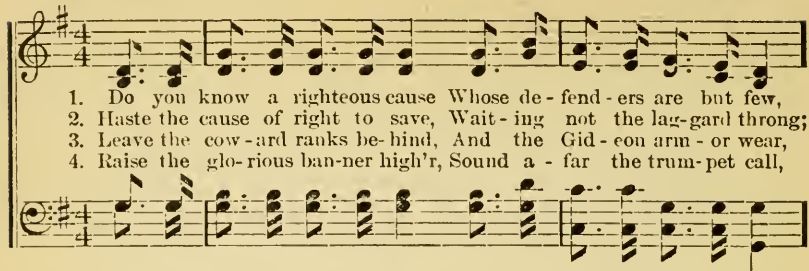
Je - sus will help me a - long. Je - sus will help me,
 Jesus, my Saviour will help me along,

Je - sus will help me a - long; Je - sus will
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour will

help me, Je - sus will help me a - long.
 help me a - long.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

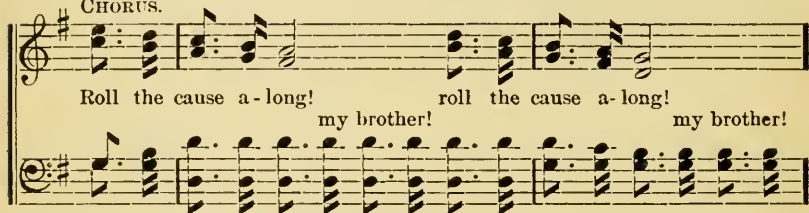


1. Do you know a righteous cause Whose de-fend-ers are but few,
 2. Haste the cause of right to save, Wait-ing not the lag-gard throng;
 3. Leave the cow-ard ranks be-hind, And the Gid-con arm-or wear,
 4. Raise the glo-rious ban-ner high'r, Sound a - far the trum-pet call,

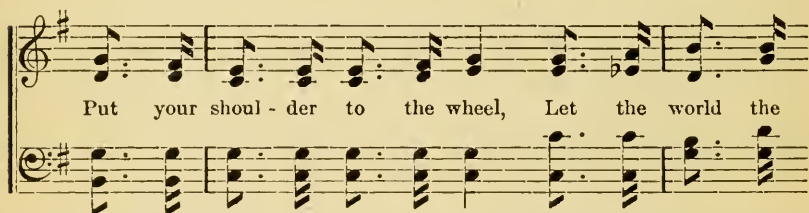


Wait-ing for a help-ing deed That the earn-est hand may do?
 With a cour-age true and brave Speed the right a-against the wrong.
 Trust in God and vic-t'ry find, For-ward go to do and dare.
 Let the zeal of God in-spire Till the conquered foe shall fall.

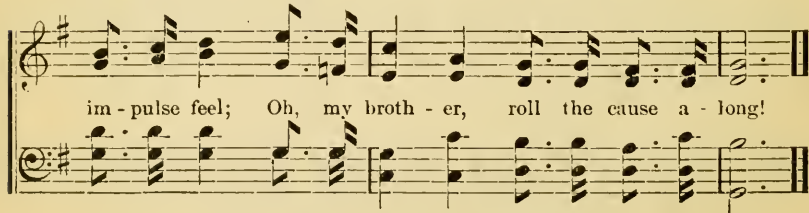
CHORUS.



Roll the cause a-long! roll the cause a-long!
 my brother! my brother!



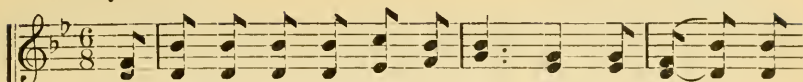
Put your shoul-der to the wheel, Let the world the



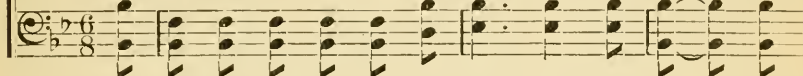
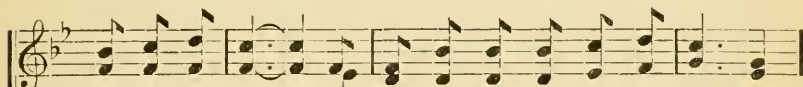
im-pulse feel; Oh, my broth-er, roll the cause a-long!

Arr. by W. N. S.


WM. N. SPESSARD.



1. The Sav-iour's own word tells the sto - ry, Of love so
 2. I seek Him, tho' I am un - wor - thy To ask in His
 3. Oh, what can a mer - ci - ful Fa - ther In this, His poor
 4. Oh, what a most won - der - ful sto - ry! How oth - ers more

boundless and free; And, oh, how I won - der if Je - sus,
 kingdom to be; Trans-gres-sions and sins, oh, how ma - ny!
 prod - i - gal, see? And will He thus pass the more wor - thy,
 hap - py could be; In trust-ing this gra - cious Re - deem - er,




CHORUS.





Who died for the sin - ner, loves me?
 Can I ex - pect Christ to love me?
 To save such a sin - ner like me?
 Who, lov - ing the sin - ner, loves me.

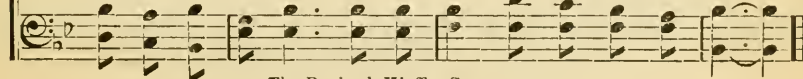
Oh, yes, yes, dear - ly He

loves me! This Je - sus ten - der - ly loves me; A Sav-iour who

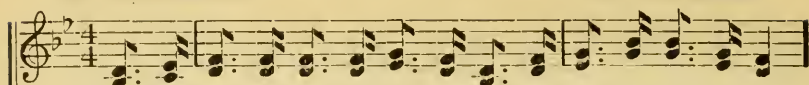
died for all sin - ners, Oh, I know that Je - sus loves me!



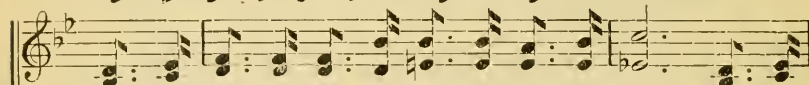
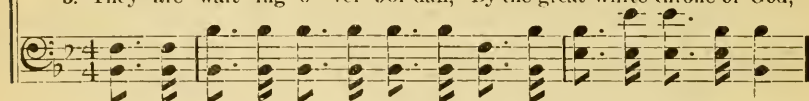
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WILL H. RUEBUSH.

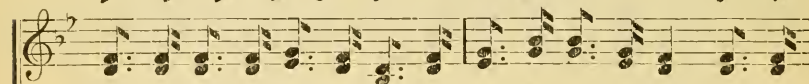
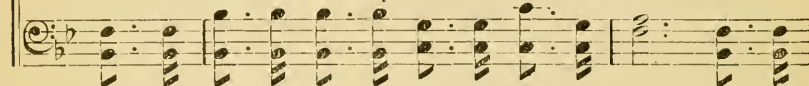
VIRGINIA RUEBUSH.



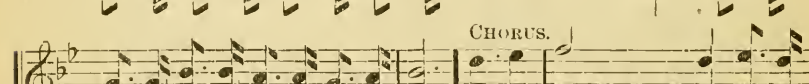
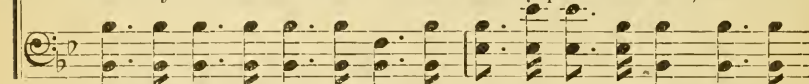
1. There's a tho't that ev - er cheers me Tho' dark clouds be-set my way,
2. They have left this vale of sor - row, They have left this land of night,
3. They are wait - ing o - ver Jor - dan, By the great white throne of God,



Tho' the thorns up - on my path - way vex me sore, All the
 They are with the blest of a - ges gone be - fore, They are
 Soon our feet will touch up - on the oth - er shore. And the



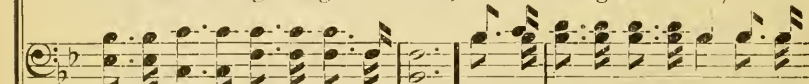
clouds will change to sun - shine, On that bright and glorious day, When the
 bask - ing in the sun - shine, In the sum - mer - land of light, And I
 win - try storms of troub - le. And the ston - y paths we trod, Will be



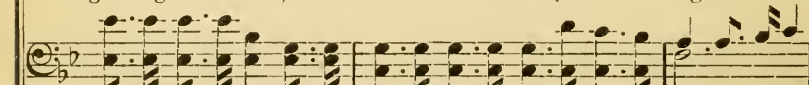
CHORUS.

loved ones come to meet me at the door.
 long to see their fac - es at the door.
 lost in that sweet greeting at the door.

What a meet - - ing, what a
 meeting that will be,



greet - - ing, When we join the loved ones on the golden shore.
 greeting that will be, golden shore.



The Meeting At the Door.—Concluded.

What a meet - ing, what a greet - ing,
meet - ing that will be, greet - ing that will be,

When the loved ones come to meet us at the door. (at the door.)

No. 191. I WILL TRUST IN THEE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. When en - e - mies in - vade, To Je - sus I will flee, What time I
2. Tho' waves roll o'er my head, This Rock will shel - ter me, What time I
3. Thy hand will bring me aid, Thy heart my ref - uge be, What time I
4. I will not be dis - mayed When death at hand I see, What time I

am a - fraid, I will trust in Thee, I will trust in Thee, I will

trust in Thee, What time I am a - fraid, I will trust in Thee.

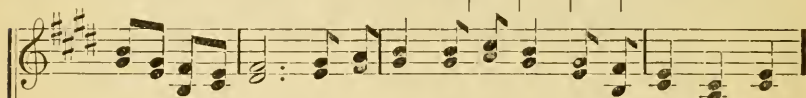
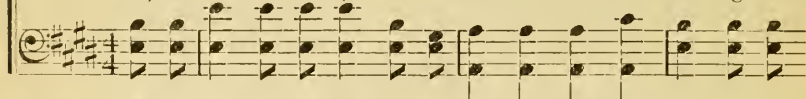
Copyright, 1899, by E. S. Lorenz. Used by per.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

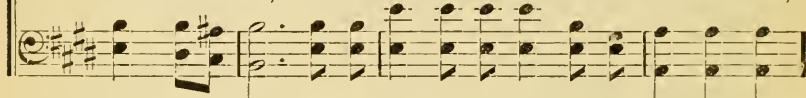
J. H. HALL.



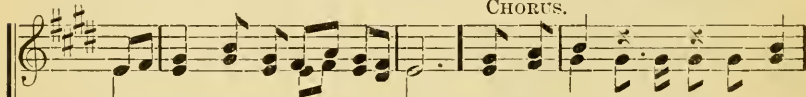
1. There's a light in the win-dow at home for me, 'Tis held by a
2. There's a light in the win-dow at home al-way, No storm can it
3. Oh, the beau-ti-ful light of a Sav-iour's love Is the light at



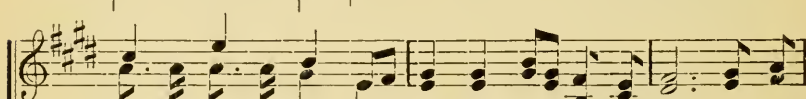
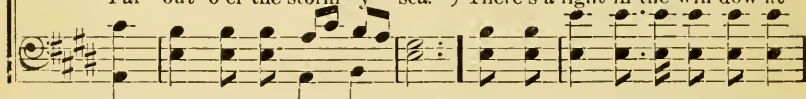
Fa-ther's hand; And it shin-eth far out o'er the storm-y sea,
 lus-ter mar; 'Tis the pure, blessed life, and the truth, the way,
 home for me; And its ra-di-ance streams from the throne a-bove,



CHORUS.



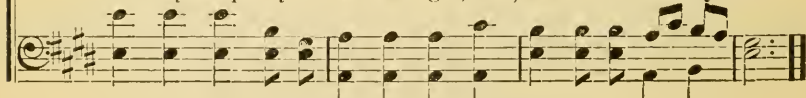
A guide to the hap-py land. } There's a light at
 Sweet Beth-le-hem's guid-ing star. }
 Far out o'er the storm-y sea. } There's a light in the win-dow at



home to-night, By faith its beau-ty I see; And I
 home for me to-night,

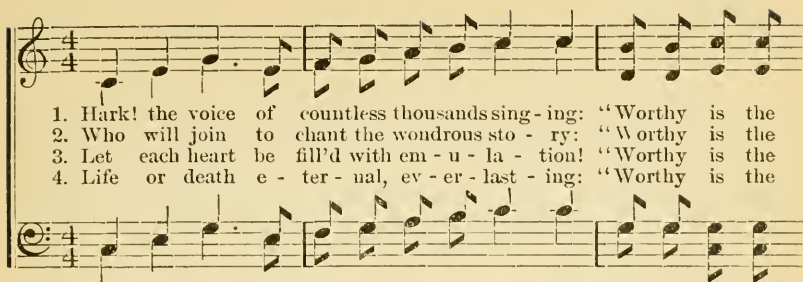


steer my barque by its ra-diant light, Safe, safe o'er the storm-y sea.

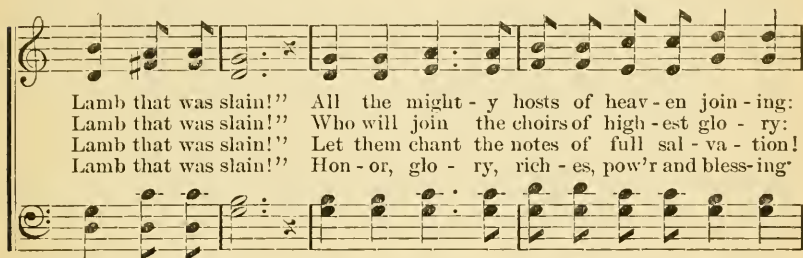


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C. H. GABRIEL.

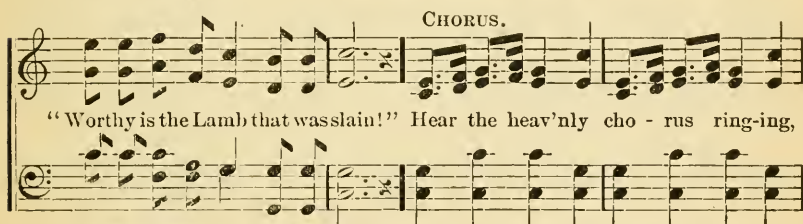


1. Hark! the voice of countless thousands sing-ing: "Worthy is the
 2. Who will join to chant the wondrous sto - ry: "Worthy is the
 3. Let each heart be fill'd with em - u - la - tion! "Worthy is the
 4. Life or death e - ter - nal, ev - er - last - ing: "Worthy is the

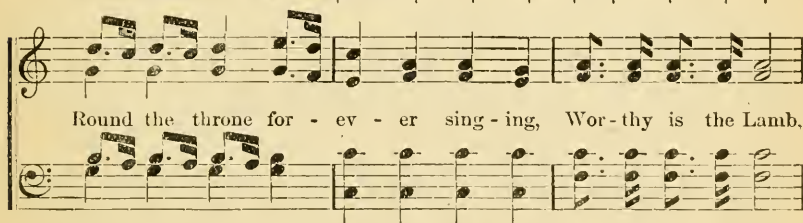


Lamb that was slain!" All the might - y hosts of heav - en join - ing:
 Lamb that was slain!" Who will join the choirs of high - est glo - ry:
 Lamb that was slain!" Let them chant the notes of full sal - va - tion!
 Lamb that was slain!" Hon - or, glo - ry, rich - es, pow'r and bless - ing

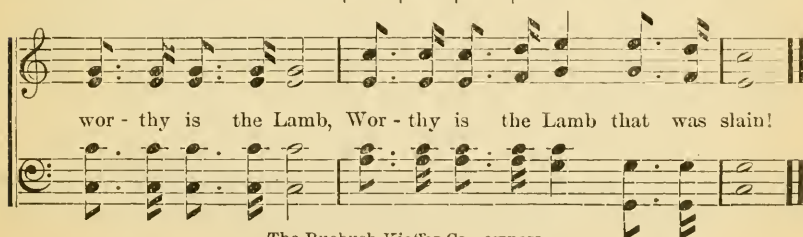
CHORUS.



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Hear the heav'nly cho - rus ring-ing,



Round the throne for - ev - er sing - ing, Wor - thy is the Lamb,

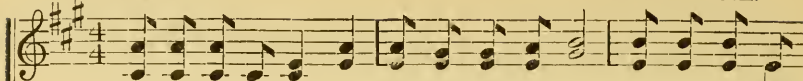


wor - thy is the Lamb, Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain!

No. 194. SAVED AND KEPT BY JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

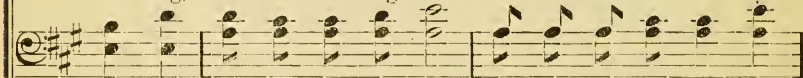
WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. Saved and kept by Je-sus, He will cleanse the soul In the streams of
2. Saved and kept by Je-sus, saved from day to day From the foes that
3. Saved and kept by Je-sus, by His grace di-vine; See-ing in the
4. Saved and kept by Je-sus, what a life is this! Who would, unbe-



heal-ing that so free-ly roll; Kept by His own Spir-it,
tempt us from the King's highway; Kept from o-pen dan-gers,
dark-ness, heav'n-ly sunbeams shine; Hear-ing thro' the tu-mult,
liev-ing, such a bless-ing miss? O to trust en-tire-ly



kept thro' faith alone, Looking un-to Calv'ry, looking to the throne.
kept from hidden snares, Kept amid life's pleasures, kept a-mid its cares.
sweetest strains of love, Ev-er-liv-ing ech-oes of the song a-bove,
to His saving might, Yielding to His guidance, walking in His light!



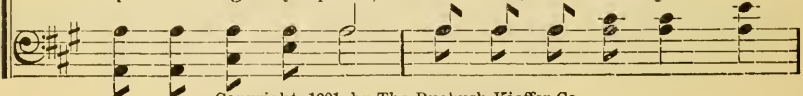
CHORUS.



Saved, saved, by His precious blood, Kept, kept,
Saved, tru-ly saved, kept, safe-ly kept,



by His might-y pow'r, Sav-iour, be our por-tion,



Saved and Kept by Jesus—Concluded.

hiding-place, and tow'r, Ev - er save and keep us till the crowning hour.

No. 195. OH, I LONG TO SEE THAT CITY.

W. H. H.

W. H. HANSFORD.

1. Oh, I long to see that cit - y Where the streets are paved with gold;
2. We are told of a pure riv - er, Flowing for the thirst-y soul;
3. Trust in Je - sus, He will save you; Just be-lieve on His dear name;

Where the sun is ev - er shin-ing, And the Saviour's face be-hold.
Come and drink of this pure wa-ter, Sin-ner, come and be made whole.
On the mountain in the val-ley He will find you just the same.

CHORUS.

Oh, I long to be with lov'd ones, In that hap - py home of rest;

And to sing His prais-es ev - er, And be numbered with the blest.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
 2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
 3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
 suf-fered, bled and died upon the tree; Of His heavy load of care,
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

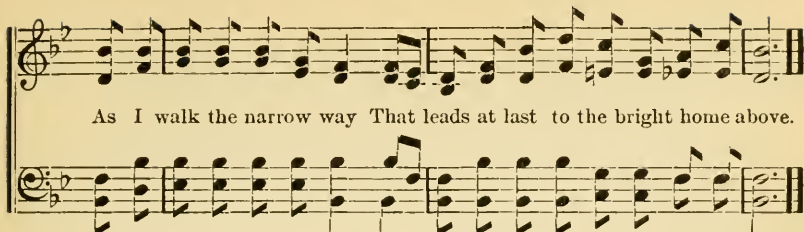
With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
 Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
 As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words abide.

CHORUS.

Blessed book, (blessed book,) pre-cious book, (pre-cious book,) On thy dear old tear-stained

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,

My Mother's Bible.—Concluded.



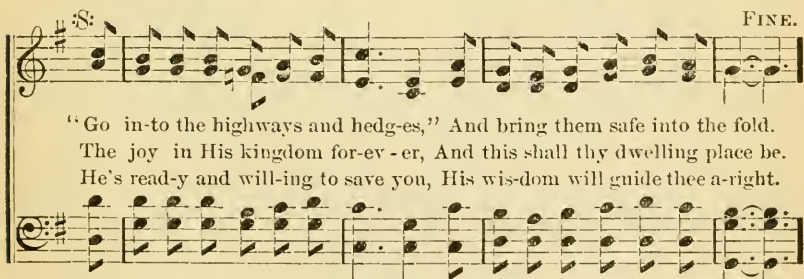
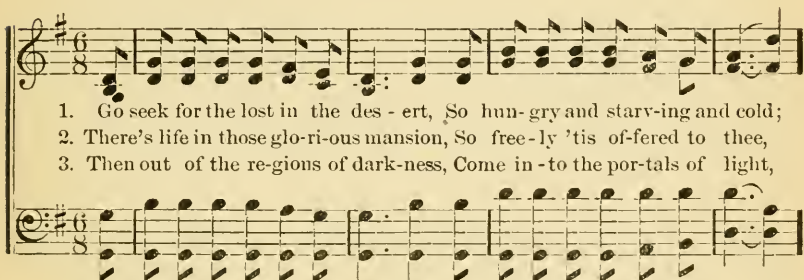
No. 197.

SEEKING FOR THEE.

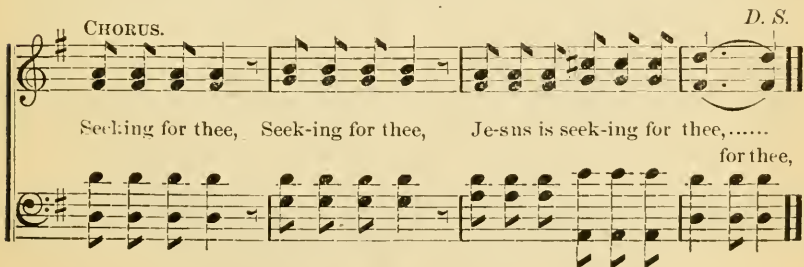
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

J. T. H.

J. T. HALL.



D.S.—Then come to His kingdom now waiting, 'Tis read - y for you and for me.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. So long Thou hast pa - tient - ly knocked at the door, Come in, dear
 2. The depths of Thy love I can nev - er di - vine, Come in, dear
 3. I've noth - ing to give in re - turn for Thy grace, Come in, dear
 4. Oh, shame, that so long I neg - lect - ed Thy call, Come in, dear

Saviour, come in! Tho' I have re - ject - ed, de - ceiv - ed Thee be - fore,
 Saviour, come in! Wilt en - ter a heart so un - worth - y as mine?
 Saviour, come in! Yet how I am long - ing to look on Thy face,
 Saviour, come in! My bless - ed Re - deem - er, my life, and my all,

CHORUS.

Come in, dear Saviour, come in. Come in, come in,
 Come in, come in, dear Saviour, come in,

My Sav - iour, my Lord, come in; (come in;) I'll grieve Thee no
 more, Lord, I've opened the door, Come in, dear Saviour, come in.

No. 199. WILL YOU MEET ME IN THE MORNING?

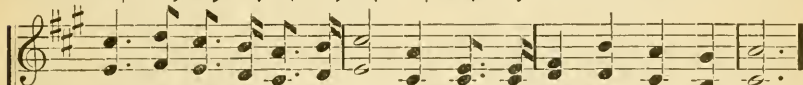
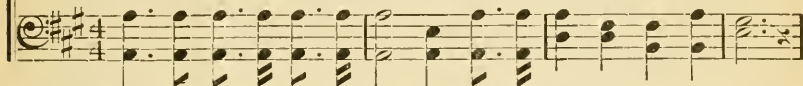
LIDIE E. HEWITT.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

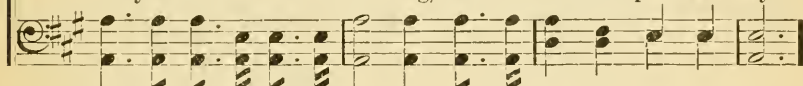
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



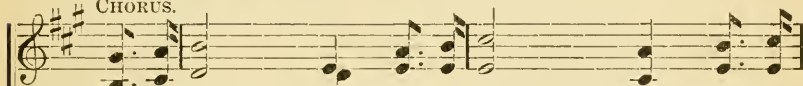
1. Will you meet me in the morning, When the shadows pass a - way?
2. Here the joy-beams, pure and tender, Oft are veiled by sor-row's night;
3. Je - sus, there, is all the glo - ry, Brighter than the sun His face;
4. See, O see, the gold-en dawning Of the grand, e - ter - nal day!



When the glad and golden dawn-ing Melts in - to the per - fect day?
But no clouds will dim the splendor Of the ev - er - last - ing light.
There we'll sing sal - va - tion's sto - ry, Sing the won - ders of His grace.
Will you meet me in the morn-ing, When the shadows pass a - way?



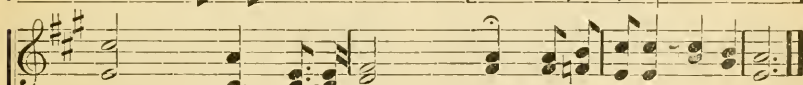
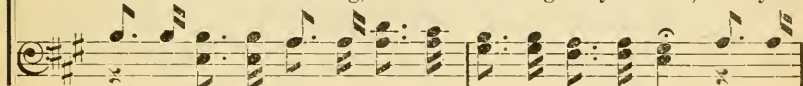
CHORUS.



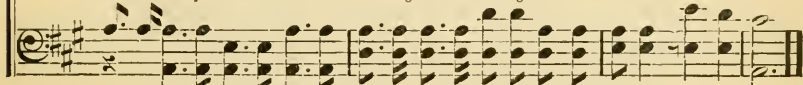
Will you meet me in the morn - - ing? I'll be
Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morn-ing, in the morning?



watching, I'll be wait-ing for you there; Will you
I'll be watching, I'll be wait - ing for you there; Will you



meet me in the morn - ing, In that cit-y bright and fair?
meet me, will you meet me in the morn-ing, in the morning,



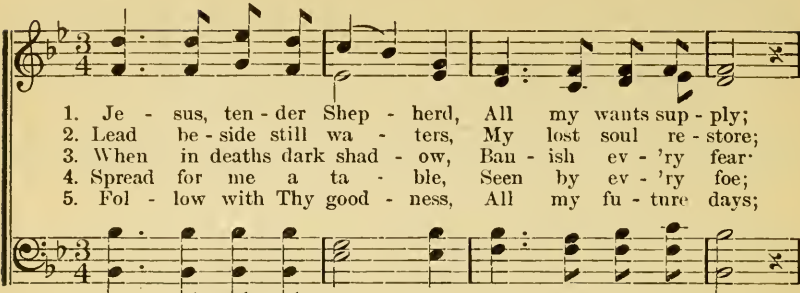
Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 200. JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

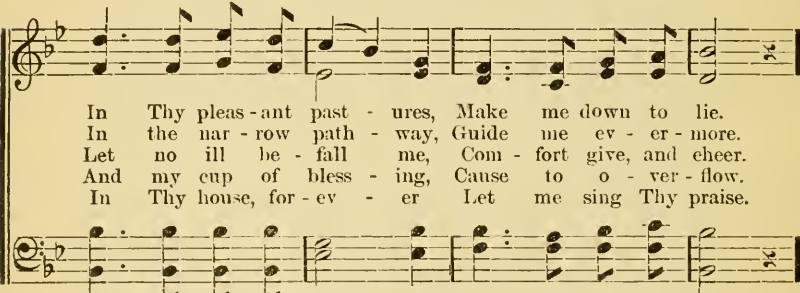
"The Lord is my shepherd,"—Ps. 23 : 1.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

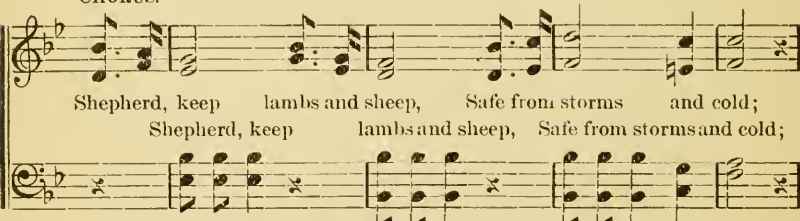


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, All my wants sup - ply;
 2. Lead be - side still wa - ters, My lost soul re - store;
 3. When in death's dark shad - ow, Ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
 4. Spread for me a ta - ble, Seen by ev - 'ry foe;
 5. Fol - low with Thy good - ness, All my fu - ture days;

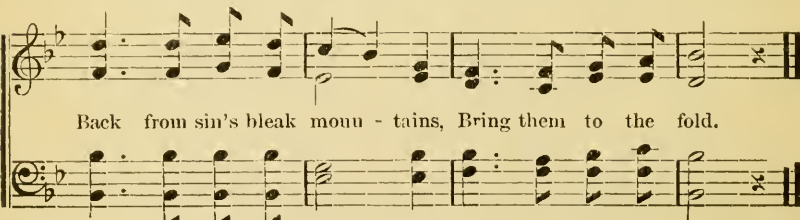


In Thy pleas - ant past - ures, Make me down to lie.
 In the nar - row path - way, Guide me ev - er - more.
 Let no ill be - fall me, Com - fort give, and cheer.
 And my cup of bless - ing, Cause to o - ver - flow.
 In Thy house, for - ev - er Let me sing Thy praise.

CHORUS.



Shepherd, keep lambs and sheep, Safe from storms and cold;
 Shepherd, keep lambs and sheep, Safe from storms and cold;

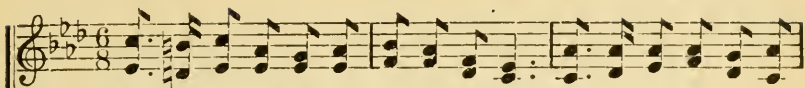


Back from sin's bleak moun - tains, Bring them to the fold.

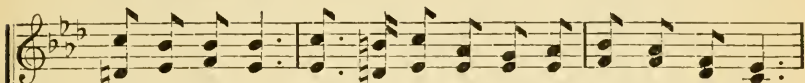
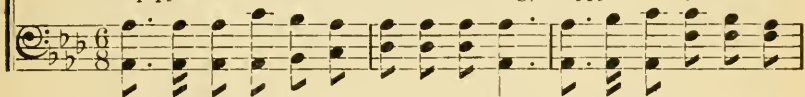
Copyright, 1904, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. HALL.



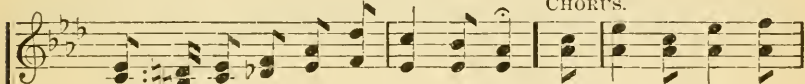
1. Ma - ny the ways that we ought to set right, Ma - ny dark corners that
2. Ma - ny the bat-tles His sol-diers must fight, Strengthened and led by His
3. Ma - ny the hearts that are bro-ken with grief; Whose gentle kindness will
4. Hap-py the serv-ice when tendered our King; Happy our song when some



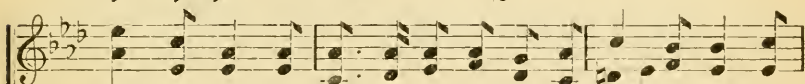
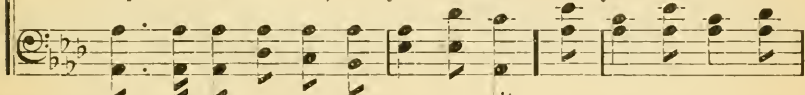
wait for the light; Ma - ny good ac - tions that ought to be done;
 Spir - it of might; Up and be do - ing! the hours swift-ly run;
 bring them re - lief? Till in the west sinks the bright set-ting sun;
 jew - el we bring; Bless - ed the serv - ant who hears His "well done;"



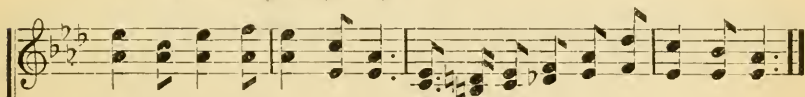
CHORUS.



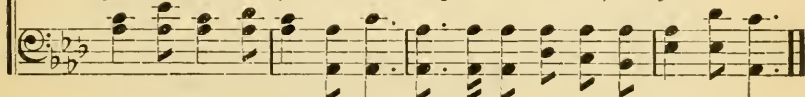
Help - ers are need - ed; will you be one? Will you be one? will



you be one? To hast - en the King-dom of God's dear Son; Will



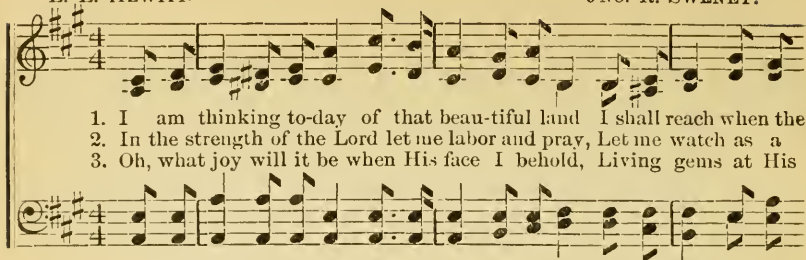
you be one? will you be one? Help-ers are need-ed; will you be one?



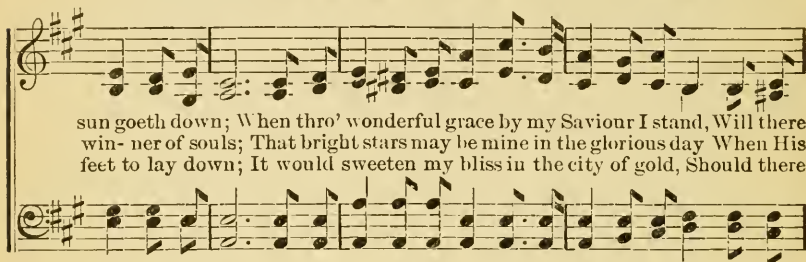
No. 202. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

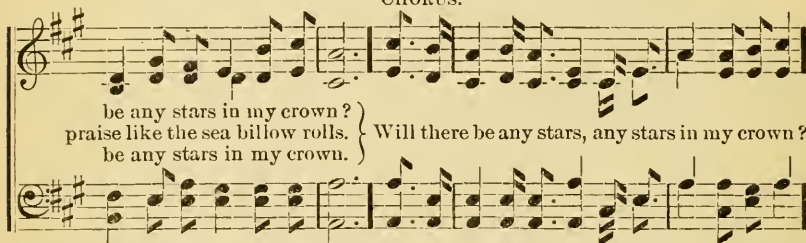


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-tiful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I behold, Living gems at His

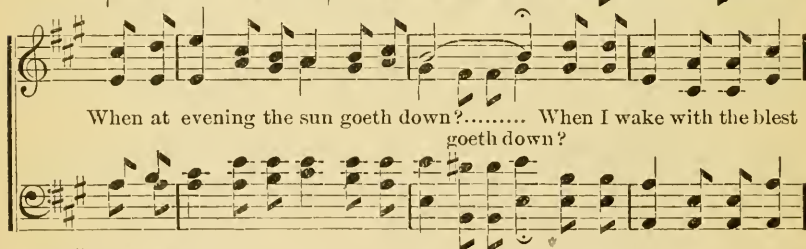


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savionr I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

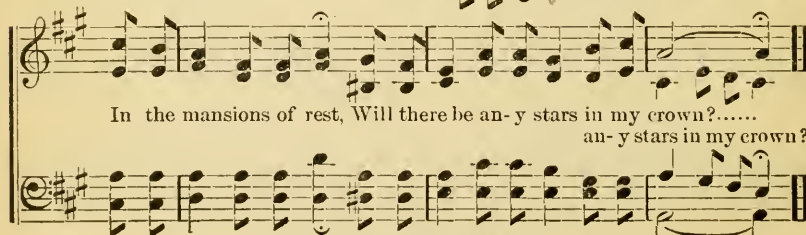
CHORUS.



be any stars in my crown? }
 praise like the sea billow rolls. } Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?
 be any stars in my crown. }



When at evening the sun goeth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
 an-y stars in my crown?


By per. Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 203. MANY STARS IN MY CROWN.

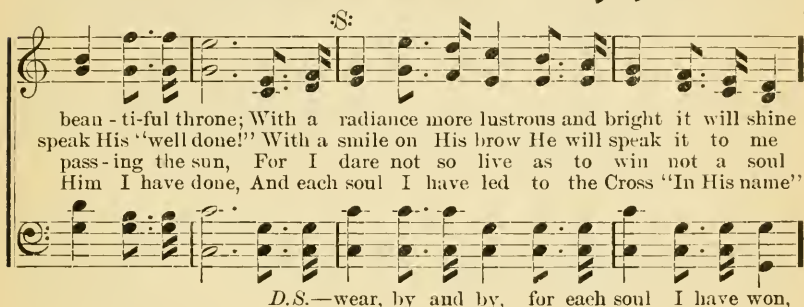
(Response to "Will there Be Any Stars?")

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. There will be ma-ny stars in my heav-en-ly crown When I stand by the
 2. When I stand with the saved to re-ceive my reward And the Mas-ter shall
 3. As the fruit of my toil stars shall gleam in my crown With a glo-ry sur-
 4. It was Christ who inspired me with love for the lost, And some service thro'



8:
 bean-ti-ful throne; With a radiance more lustrous and bright it will shine
 speak His "well done!" With a smile on His brow He will speak it to me
 pass-ing the sun, For I dare not so live as to win not a soul
 Him I have done, And each soul I have led to the Cross "In His name"

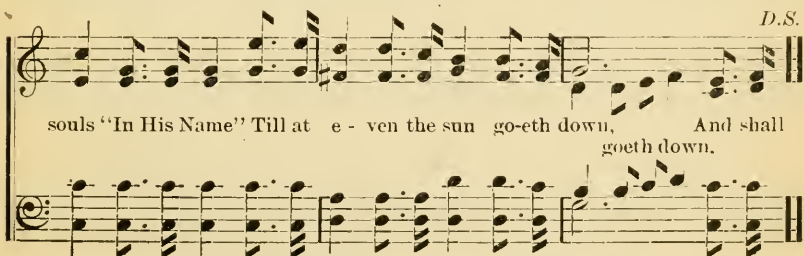
D.S.—wear, by and by, for each soul I have won,

FINE. CHORUS.



For the souls that to Christ I have won.
 For the souls "In His Name" I have won. } I will toil for the Lord, winning
 Ere my life up in heav'n is be-gun.
 Shall be one more bright star in my crown.

One more star in my beau-ti-ful crown.



D.S.
 souls "In His Name" Till at e-ven the sun go-eth down, And shall
 goeth down.

No. 204. WELCOME, PRINCE OF PEACE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

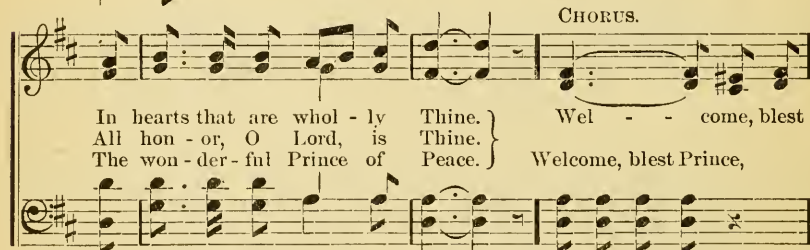


1. With songs and with cho-rus we wel-come Thee, A Prince of the
 2. We o - pen our hearts and our homes to Thee, We hail Thy glad
 3. Let moun-tains and val - leys pro-claim Him King, His reign - ing shall



roy - al line; Our off'r-ings of love we will glad - ly prove,
 birth di - vine; As - crip-tions of praise un - to Thee we raise,
 nev - er cease; Let peo - ples and na - tions His prais - es sing;

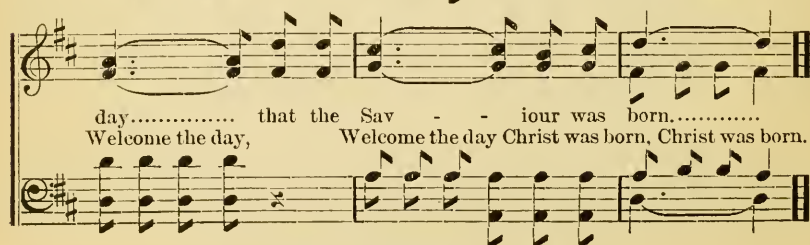
CHORUS.



In hearts that are whol - ly Thine. } Wel - - come, blest
 All hon - or, O Lord, is Thine. }
 The won - der - ful Prince of Peace. } Welcome, blest Prince,



Prince..... of Beth - - le - hem!..... Wel - come the
 Welcome, blest Prince, Welcome, blest Prince of Beth-Jehem! Welcome the day,



day..... that the Sav - - iour was born.....
 Welcome the day, Welcome the day Christ was born, Christ was born.

G. W. L.

GEO. W. LASSITER.

1. The Sav-iour is call-ing to - day,... The time fli - eth swift-ly a -
 2. The Sav-iour calls "Sinner, come home," Why lon-ger in dark-ness now
 3. Still plead-ing so gent-ly with thee,... O will you not come and be

way..... O heed that sweet voice, Make Him quickly thy choice, The
 room?... How long shall He stand With His nail-pierc-ed hand? The
 free?... Why long - er de - lay? Re - ceive Him to - day, Still

CHORUS.

Sav - iour is call - ing to - day..... } O hear..... Him to -
 Sav - iour calls, "Sinner, come home." }
 plead-ing so gent - ly with thee..... } Him to - day,

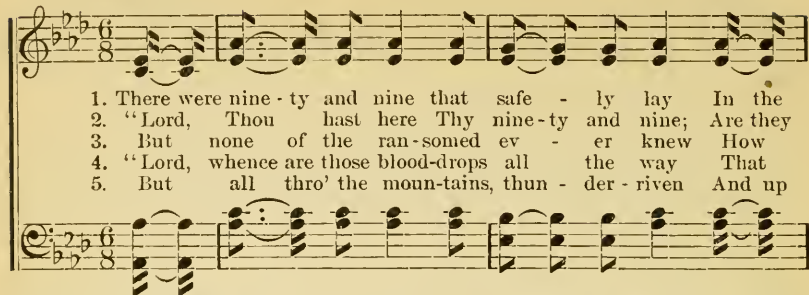
day,..... Why lon - - ger de - lay?..... He's plead - ing, He's
 to-day, lon-ger de-lay de-lay, de-lay? pleading with thee,

pleading, poor sin-ner, Now come..... un - to me.....
 un - to me, to me.

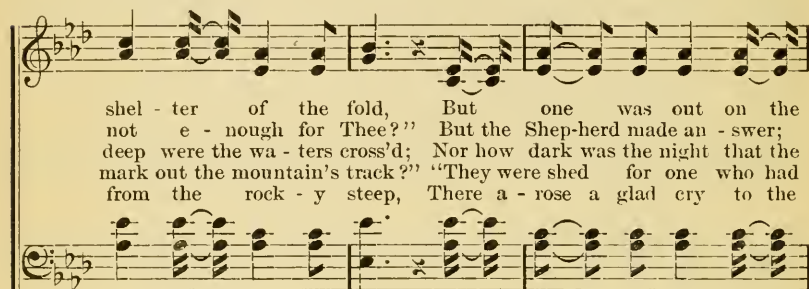
(Should be sung as a Solo ad libitum.)

E. C. CLEPHANE.

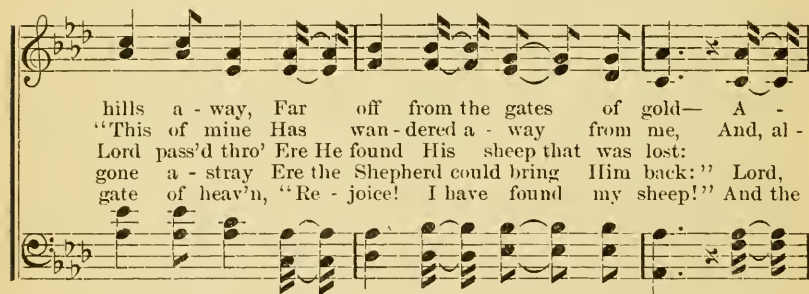
IRA D. SANKEY.



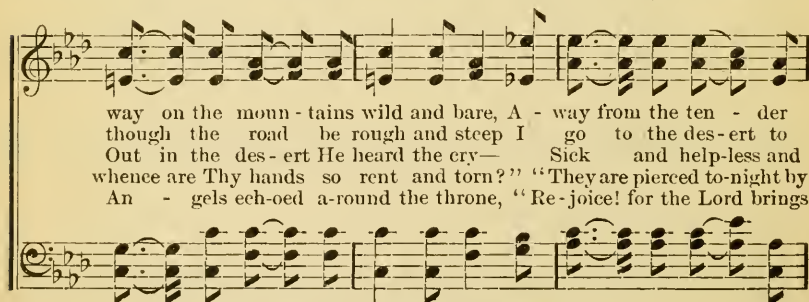
1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they
 3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That
 5. But all thro' the moun-tains, thun - der - riven And up



shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
 not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer;
 deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the
 mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
 from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the



hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A -
 "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al -
 Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
 gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring Him back;" Lord,
 gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the



way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 though the road be rough and steep I go to the des-ert to
 Out in the des-ert He heard the cry— Sick and help-less and
 whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by
 An - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice! for the Lord brings

The Ninety and Nine.—Concluded.

rit.

Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
 read - y to die, Sick and help - less and read - y to die.
 ma - ny a thorn." "They are pierced to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
 back His own!" "Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 207. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His lov - ing voice
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Pres - ence di - vine. Now in our long - ing hearts
 3. Sav - iour, Thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

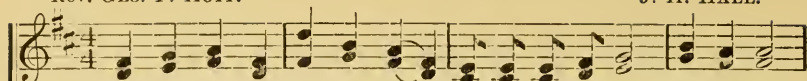
Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our dear - est friend. While at Thy
 Gra - cious - ly shine; Oh, for Thy might - y pow'r, Oh, for a
 Quick - ened by Thee Come to our hearts to - night, Make ev - 'ry

pp

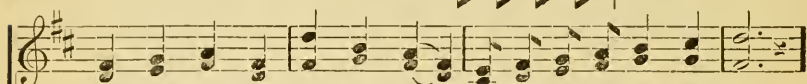
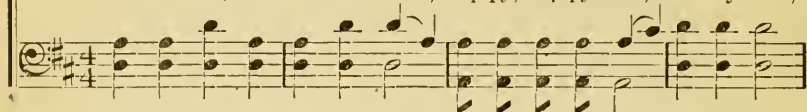
feet we bend, Oh, let Thy smile de - scend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
 bless - ed show'r, Fill - ing this hal - lowed hour With joy di - vine.
 bur - den light, Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight; We long for Thee.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

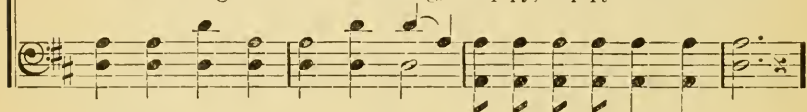
J. H. HALL.



1. Join we all in cheer-ful song, Hap-py, hap-py bells, Christmas bells;
2. Hap-py hearts and voic-es raise, Hap-py, hap-py bells, mer-ry bells;
3. Hail to Him, the Christ-child born, Hap-py, hap-py bells, mer-ry bells;



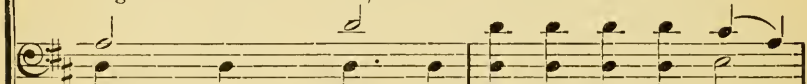
Ev-er we His praise pro-long, Hap-py, hap-py Christmas bells.
 Un-to Je-sus loft-y praise, Hap-py, hap-py Christmas bells.
 As we sing this cheer-ful song, Hap-py, hap-py Christmas bells.



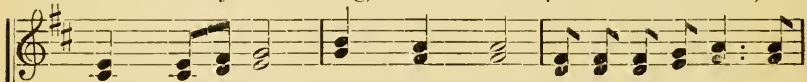
CHORUS.



Mer-ry, mer-ry, sing, O Christ-mas bells,
 Ring on,



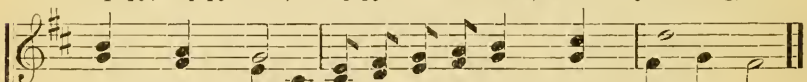
Mer-ry sing, O mer-ry Christ-mas bells,



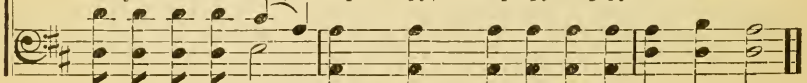
Hap-py bells, Christ-mas bells, Mer-ry, mer-ry sing, O
 Ring on,



Hap-py, hap-py bells, Hap-py Christmas bells, Mer-ry sing, O

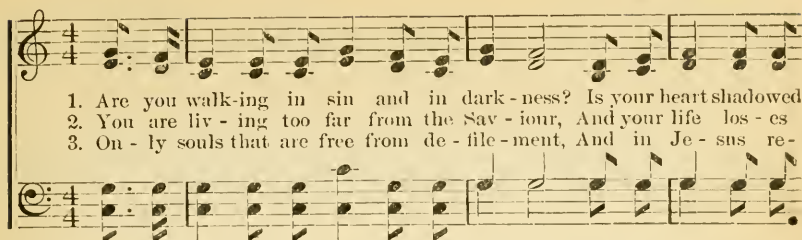


Christ-mas bells, Hap-py, hap-py Christ-mas bells.
 merry Christmas bells, Hap-py, hap-py, hap-py Christmas bells.

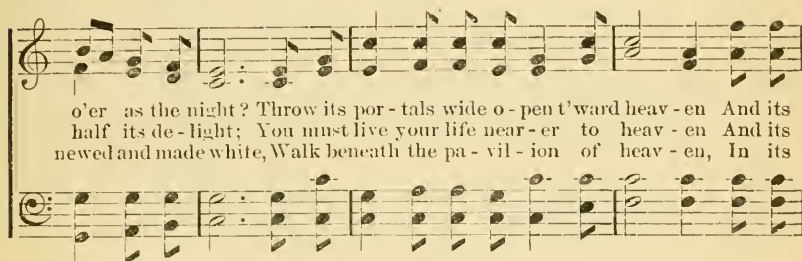


Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

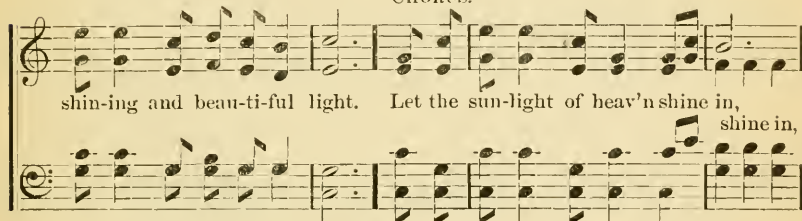


1. Are you walk-ing in sin and in dark-ness? Is your heart shadowed
 2. You are liv-ing too far from the Sav-our, And your life los-es
 3. On-ly souls that are free from de-file-ment, And in Je-sus re-

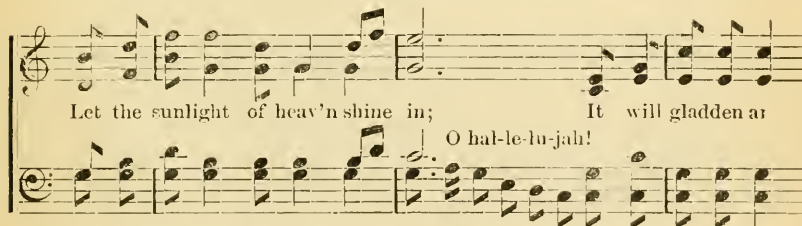


o'er as the night? Throw its por-tals wide o-pen t'ward heav-en And its
 half its de-light; You must live your life near-er to heav-en And its
 newed and made white, Walk beneath the pa-vil-ion of heav-en, In its

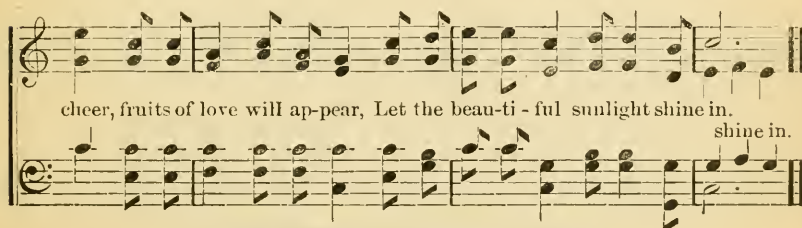
CHORUS.



shin-ing and beau-ti-ful light. Let the sun-light of heav'n shine in,
 shine in,



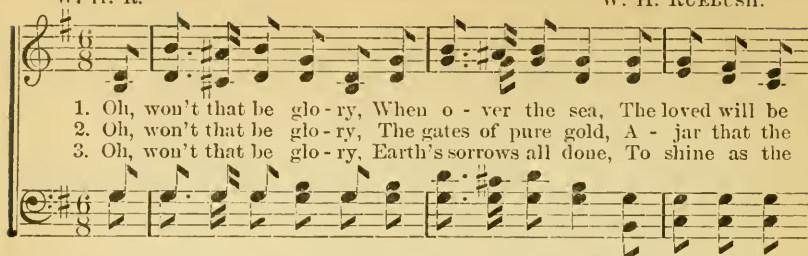
Let the sunlight of heav'n shine in; It will gladden a
 O hal-le-lu-jah!



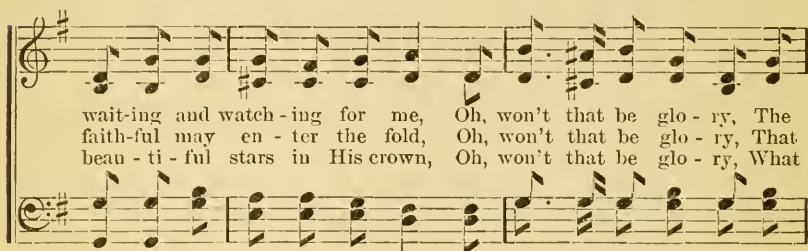
cheer, fruits of love will ap-pear, Let the beau-ti-ful sunlight shine in.
 shine in.

W. H. R.

W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Oh, won't that be glo-ry, When o - ver the sea, The loved will be
 2. Oh, won't that be glo-ry, The gates of pure gold, A - jar that the
 3. Oh, won't that be glo-ry, Earth's sorrows all done, To shine as the

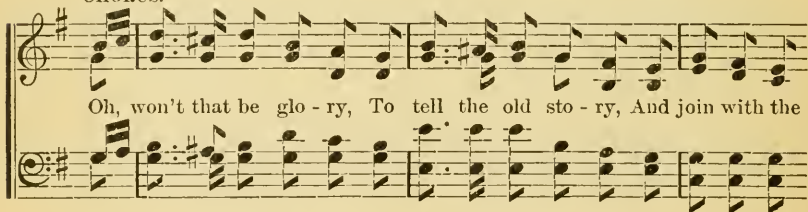


wait-ing and watch-ing for me, Oh, won't that be glo-ry, The
 faith-ful may en - ter the fold, Oh, won't that be glo-ry, That
 beau - ti - ful stars in His crown, Oh, won't that be glo-ry, What

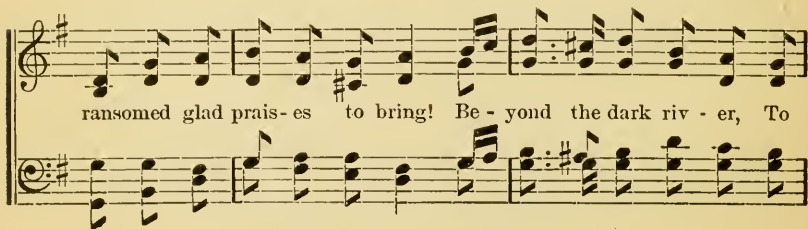


clasp of the band, A - wait-ing for me in that beau - ti - ful land.
 ra - di - ant shore, A - throng with the loved and the saved gone be-fore.
 rap - ture is mine, To dwell in the sun - light of glo - ry di - vine.

CHORUS.



Oh, won't that be glo-ry, To tell the old sto - ry, And join with the



ransomed glad prais-es to bring! Be - yond the dark riv - er, To

Oh, Won't That Be Glory!—Concluded.

dwel there for - ev - er, Oh, won't that be glo - ry, with Je - sus my King!

No. 211. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of pardon Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a-
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown Him King for-ev - er! My Saviour and my Friend; By Zi-on's

CHORUS.

heav'nly voices. And sing redeeming love.
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave,
 way my burden, And bade my fears depart. } For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in its flow.
 crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.

pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood, To wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,)
 2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,)
 3. There's a groan from the Gan - ges, where they fall, (where they fall,)

There's a voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,)
 There's a sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sun - ny plain,)
 At the feet of the i - dols in their thrall, (in their thrall,)

In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
 In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
 In the old ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,

The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye! (car - ry ye!)
 Bear good news of Zi - on, o'er the main! (o'er the main!)
 The good news of Zi - on, bear them all! (bear them all!)

CHORUS.

"Come o - ver and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry); "Come o - ver and

The Macedonian Cry.—Concluded.

help us, or we die,"

or we die, { I see the woe fall-ing, I
A - cross the wide wa-ters Hear
The i - dols are fall-ing, And

hear the voice calling, } Oh, ship of sal-va-tion, thither fly.
Afric's dark daughters, }
In - di - a call-ing, } thith-er fly.

No. 213.

WILMOT.

Sir J. BOWRING.

C. M. VON WEBER.

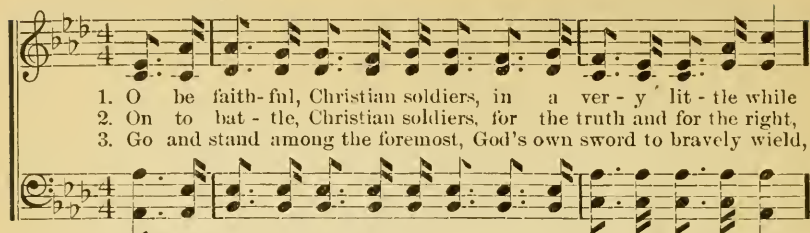
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diaunce streaming Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure. Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 214. THE CROWNING TIME IS COMING.

HARRIET E. JONES.

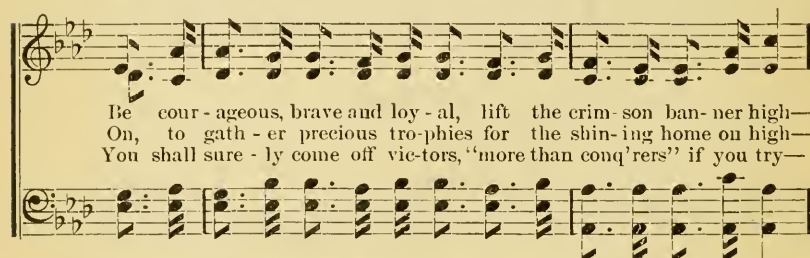
J. H. RUEBUSH.



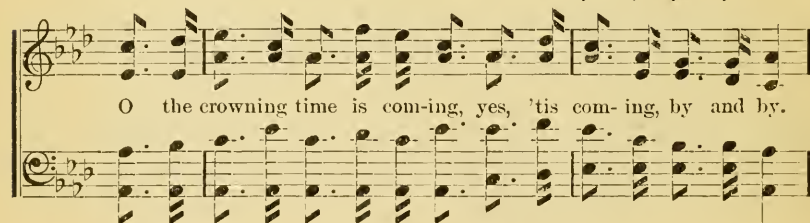
1. O be faith-ful, Christian soldiers, in a ver-y lit-tle while
 2. On to bat-tle, Christian soldiers, for the truth and for the right,
 3. Go and stand among the foremost, God's own sword to bravely wield,



You will reach the land of promise, there to bask in Je-sus' smile;
 In the name of Christ your Captain, on, to con-quer in the fight;
 Keep your arm-or shin-ing brightly, fight un-til the foe shall yield;

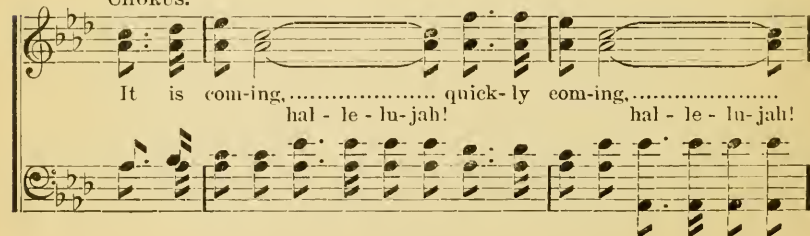


Be cour-ageous, brave and loy-al, lift the crim-son ban-ner high—
 On, to gath-er pre-cious tro-phies for the shin-ing home on high—
 You shall sure-ly come off vic-tors, "more than conq'ers" if you try—



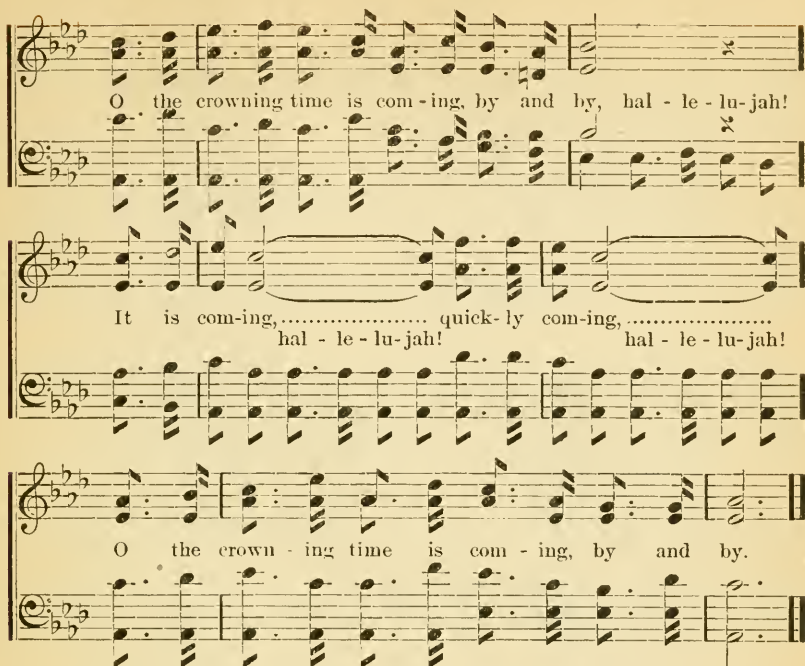
O the crowning time is com-ing, yes, 'tis com-ing, by and by.

CHORUS.



It is com-ing,..... quick-ly com-ing,.....
 hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

The Crowning Time is Coming.—Concluded.



O the crown - ing time is com - ing, by and by, hal - le - lu - jah!

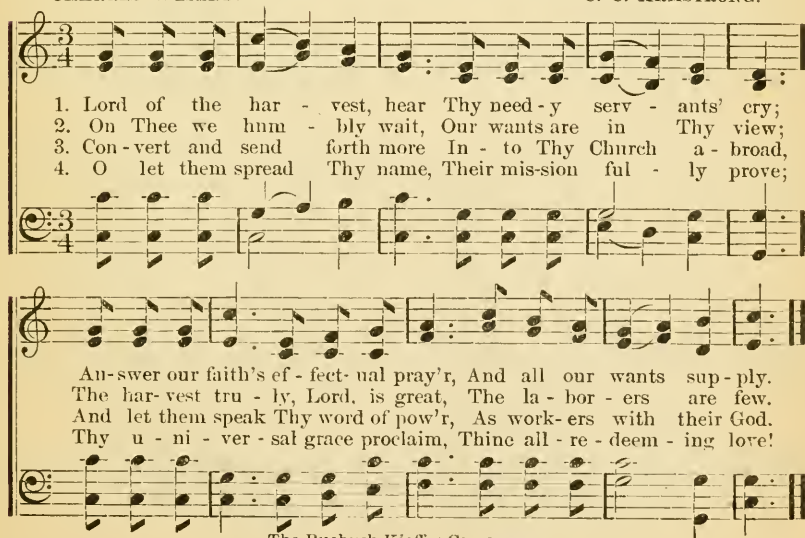
It is com - ing, quick - ly com - ing,
hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

O the crown - ing time is com - ing, by and by.

No. 215. LORD OF THE HARVEST.

CHARLES WESLEY.

C. C. ARMSTRONG.



1. Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y serv - ants' cry;
2. On Thee we hum - bly wait, Our wants are in Thy view;
3. Con - vert and send forth more In - to Thy Church a - broad,
4. O let them spread Thy name, Their mis - sion ful - ly prove;

Answer our faith's ef - fect - ual pray'r, And all our wants sup - ply.
The har - vest tru - ly, Lord, is great, The la - bor - ers are few.
And let them speak Thy word of pow'r, As work - ers with their God.
Thy u - ni - ver - sal grace proclaim, Thine all - re - deem - ing love!

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

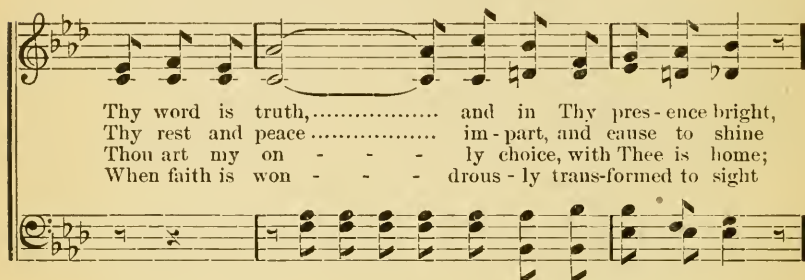
No. 216. MY LIFE, MY LIGHT, MY WAY.

IDA M. BUDD.

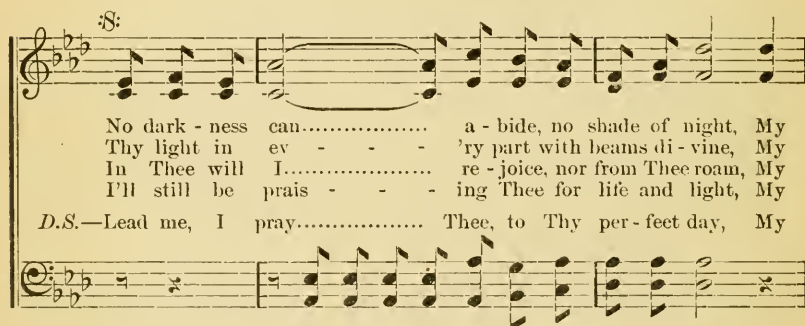
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



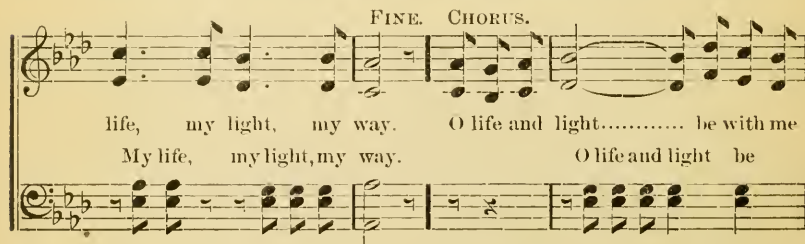
1. O Christ, my Lord,..... Thou art my life and light,
 2. Thou seest my wea - - - ry heart, dear Sav - iour mine;
 3. I hear Thy lov - - - ing voice that bids me come,
 4. And when Thy face..... I see in mansions bright,



Thy word is truth,..... and in Thy pres - ence bright,
 Thy rest and peace..... im - part, and cause to shine
 Thou art my on - - - ly choice, with Thee is home;
 When faith is won - - - drous - ly trans - formed to sight



No dark - ness can..... a - bide, no shade of night, My
 Thy light in ev - - - 'ry part with beams di - vine, My
 In Thee will I..... re - joice, nor from Thee roam, My
 I'll still be prais - - - ing Thee for life and light, My
D.S.—Lead me, I pray..... Thee, to Thy per - feet day, My



life, my light, my way. O life and light..... be with me
 My life, my light, my way. O life and light be

My Life, My Light, My Way.—Concluded.

D.S.

on my way, A - part from Thee my soul must helpless stray,
with me on my way,

No. 217.

NEARER TO JESUS.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. HALL.

1. O to be near - er to Je - sus, O to be like Him in mind;
2. O to be meet for His serv - ice, Ev - er my du - ty to see;
3. O to be free from all doubtings, Nev - er give place to a fear;

O to be near, and for - ev - er Sub - mis - sive, unselfish and kind.
O to do just as He bids me—Be just what He wants me to be.
O to feel dai - ly and hour - ly That Je - sus is pre - cious - ly near.

CHORUS.

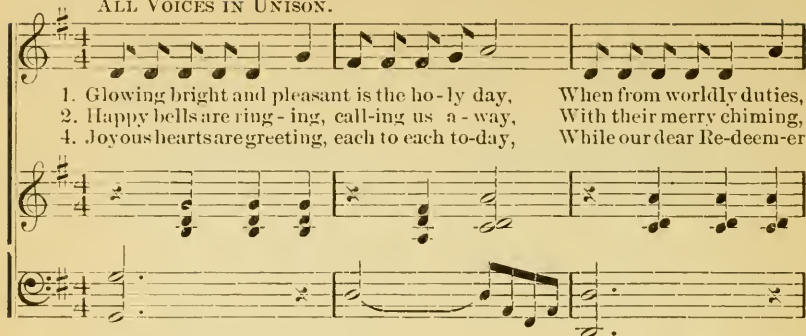
Come to my heart, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, all the dross to con - sume,

That I may be like dear Je - sus, Come, this poor heart to il - lume.

C. R. BLACKALL.

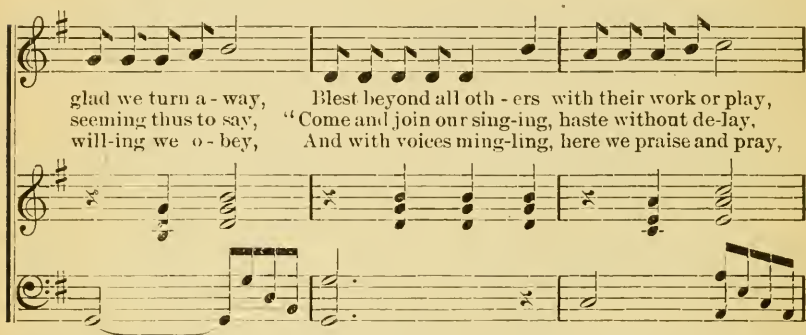
H. R. PALMER.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

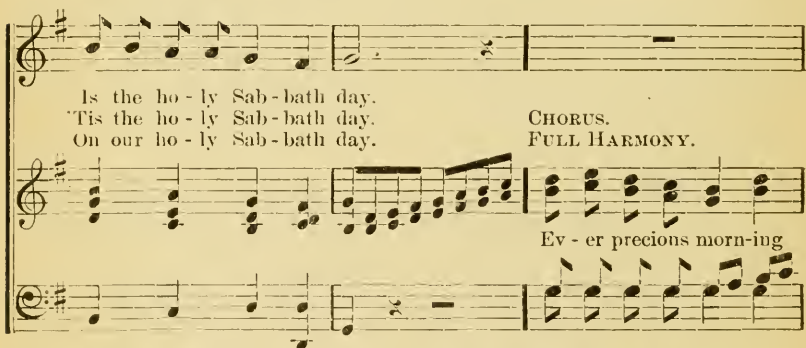


1. Glowing bright and pleasant is the ho-ly day,
 2. Happy bells are ring-ing, call-ing us a-way,
 4. Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each to-day,

When from worldly duties,
 With their merry chiming,
 While our dear Re-deem-er



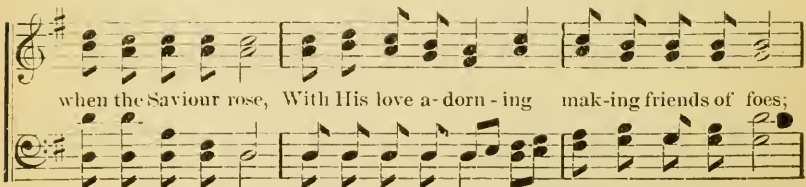
glad we turn a-way, Blest beyond all oth-ers with their work or play,
 seeming thus to say, "Come and join our sing-ing, haste without de-lay,
 will-ing we o-bey, And with voices ming-ling, here we praise and pray,



Is the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
 On our ho-ly Sab-bath day.

CHORUS.
 FULL HARMONY.

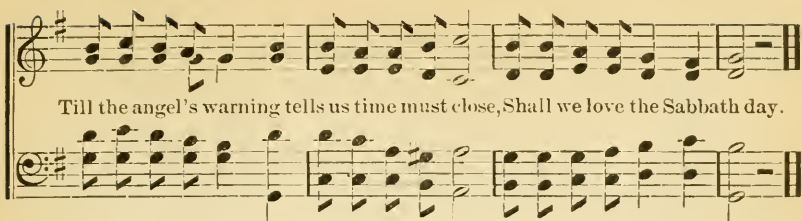
Ev-er pre-cious morn-ing



when the Sav-iour rose, With His love a-dorn-ing mak-ing friends of' foes;

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Sabbath Morning.—Concluded.



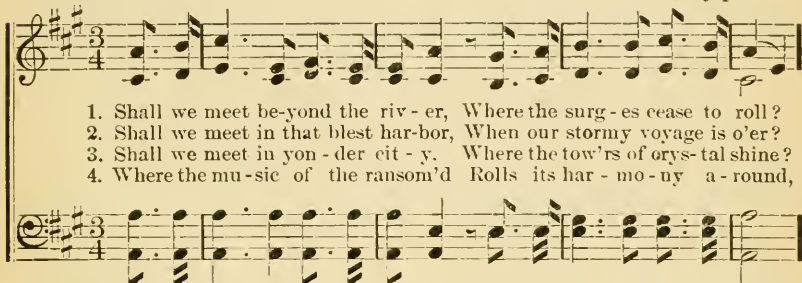
Till the angel's warning tells us time must close, Shall we love the Sabbath day.

No. 219.

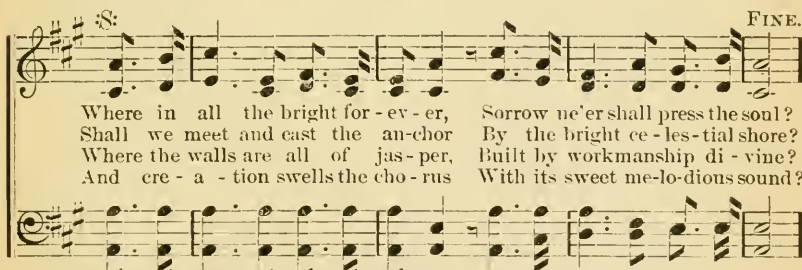
SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS.

E. S. RICE, by per.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y. Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ransom'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine?
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet me - lo - dious sound?

D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?



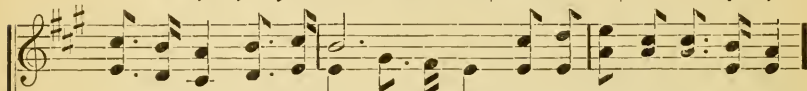
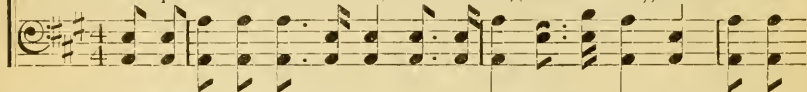
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

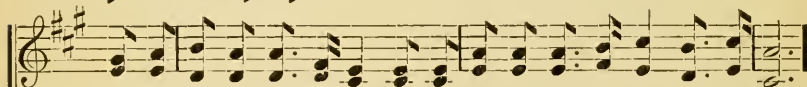
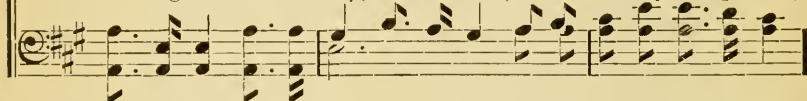
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
 Who were torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?</p> | <p>6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?</p> |
|--|---|



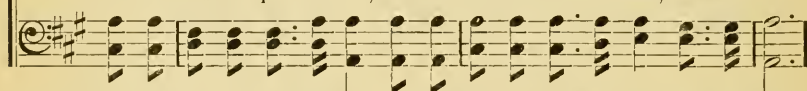
1. I have something to impart, Saviour dear, (Saviour dear,) There's singing
2. Not a-lone do I love Thee, Saviour dear, (Saviour dear,) I know Thou
3. Thou art all in all to me, Saviour dear, (Saviour dear,) None can com-
4. I will praise Thee while I live, Saviour dear, (Saviour dear,) For none like



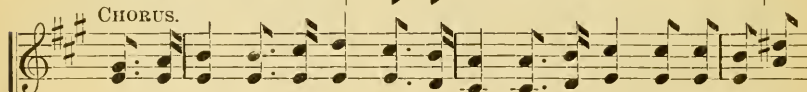
in my heart none can hear; (none can hear;) And the rea-son I will tell,
 lov-est me, I've no fear; (I've no fear;) So my life is full of spring,
 pare with thee, stay Thou near; (stay Thou near;) I've no fears when Thou art nigh,
 Thee can give words of cheer; (words of cheer:) Fold me to Thy loving breast,



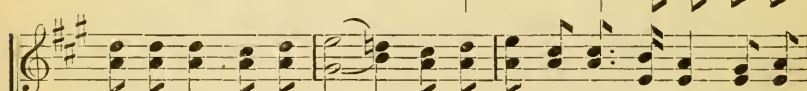
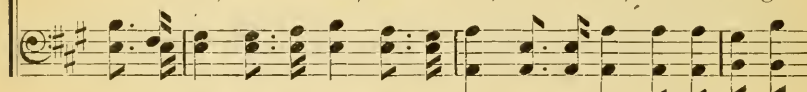
It's because I love Thee well, And will with Thee ever dwell, Saviour dear.
 In my heart the joybells ring, And I will Thy praises sing, Saviour dear.
 Not a sor-row, nor a sigh, But Thy smile can bid it fly, Saviour dear.
 There's no oth-er spot so blest, There I would for-ev-er rest, Saviour dear.



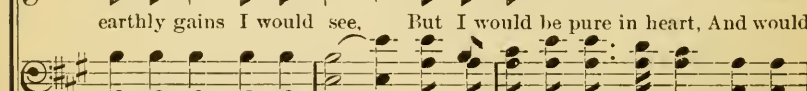
CHORUS.



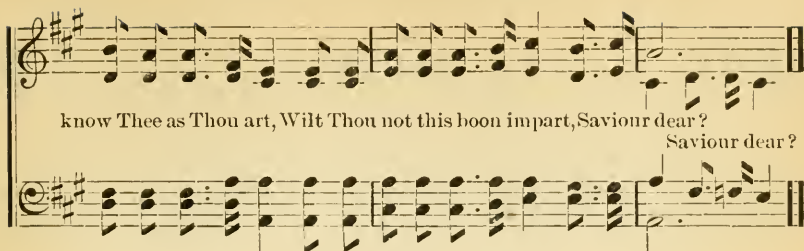
Live with me, Saviour dear, Saviour dear, live with me, Not because great



earthly gains I would see, But I would be pure in heart, And would



Saviour Dear.—Concluded.



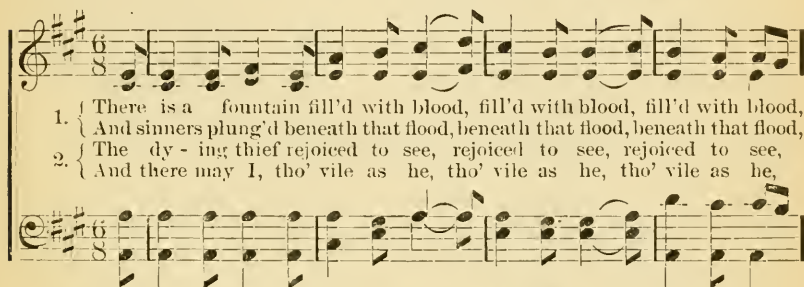
know Thee as Thou art, Wilt Thou not this boon impart, Saviour dear?
Saviour dear?

No. 221.

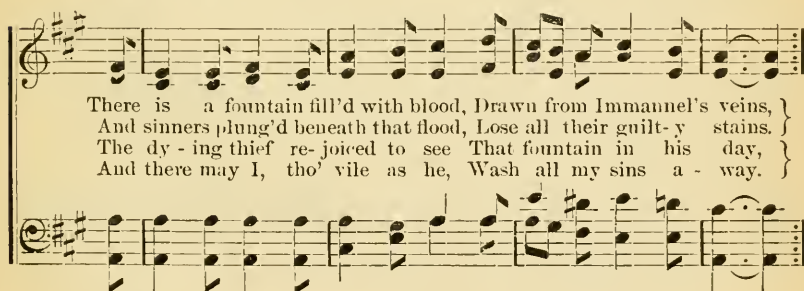
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

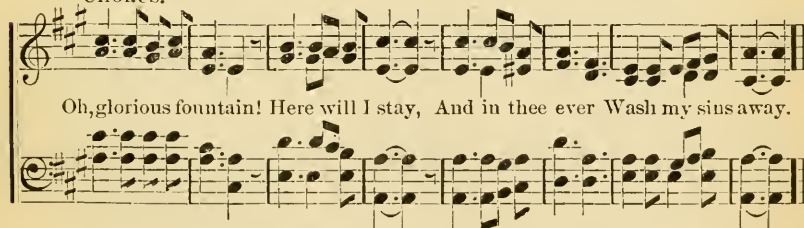


1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }


CHORUS.




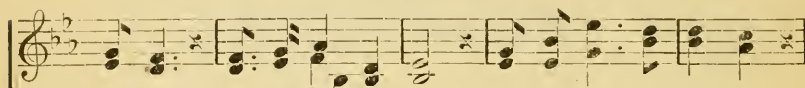
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: Thy precious blood, :|| 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream, :||
Shall never lose its power, Thy flowing wounds supply,
Till all the ransomed ||: church of God, :|| Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
Are saved, to sin no more. And shall be till I die.


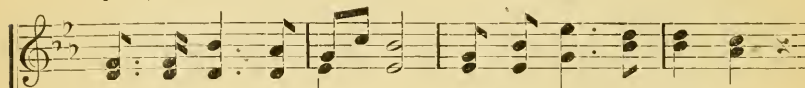
Copyright, 1881, by T. C. O'Kane. Used by per



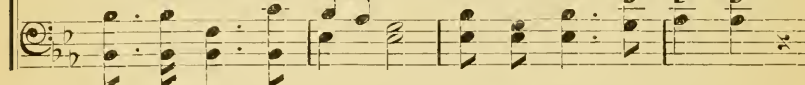
1. No shadows yonder, Far beyond the sunset's bars; No shadows
 2. No shadows yonder, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shadows
 3. No shadows yonder, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shadows

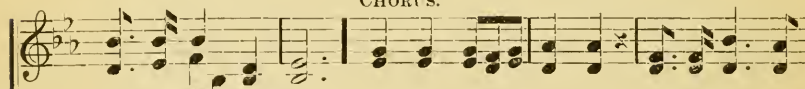
yon-der, Far be-yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming,
 yon-der, Sin can-not an-ny; There no hearts are sigh-ing,
 yon-der, O'er the crys-tal sea; There no cross-es bear-ing,


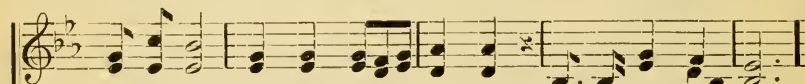
Fade-less sun-light stream-ing, Eyes of God are beam-ing,
 There no thought of cry-ing, There no pain or dy-ing,
 In a great love shar-ing, Crowns of glo-ry wear-ing.



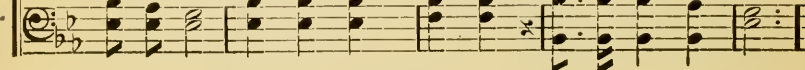
CHORUS.



On the loved ones there.
 There no dark de-spair. } No shad-ows yon-der, All the tears are
 In that home so fair. }

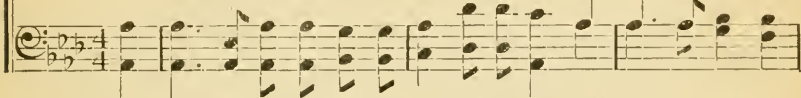



wiped a-way, No shad-ows yon-der, Land of end-less day.

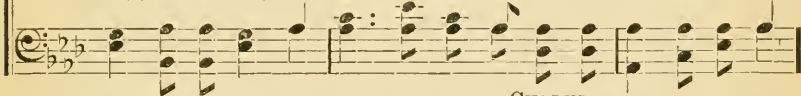




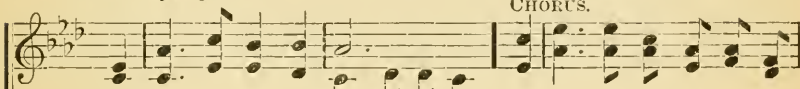
1. To-day I'm resting on the Rock, (on the Rock,) Unchang- ing, firm and
2. Once I was in the miry clay, (miry clay,) Poor, wretched and un-
3. The blessed Rock, poor soul, is free, (soul, is free,) For you to build up-
4. O come and trust the living Rock, (living Rock,) The Christ who died for



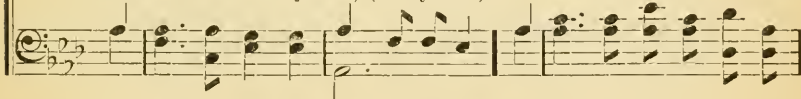
sure; (firm and sure;) 'Twill stand the tempest's wildest shock, (wildest shock,)
 done; (and undone;) But on the Rock I stand to-day, (stand to-day,)
 on; (build up-on;) 'Tis it a-lone can shel- ter thee, (shelter thee,)
 thee; (died for thee;) Come, sin- ner, come tho' oth- ers mock, (others mock,)



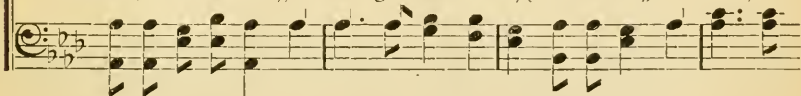
CHORUS.



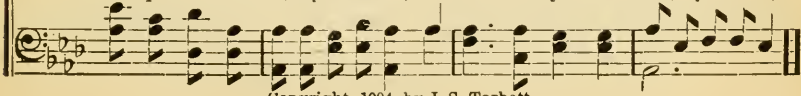
For - ev - er will endure, (will endure.)
 Christ vic-t'ry for me won, (for me won.)
 When earth's vain hopes are gone, (hopes are gone.) } The Rock, the Rock, the blessed
 To Him for safe - ty flee, (safety flee.)



Rock, (the blessed Rock,) A ref-uge still will be; (still will be;) The Rock, the

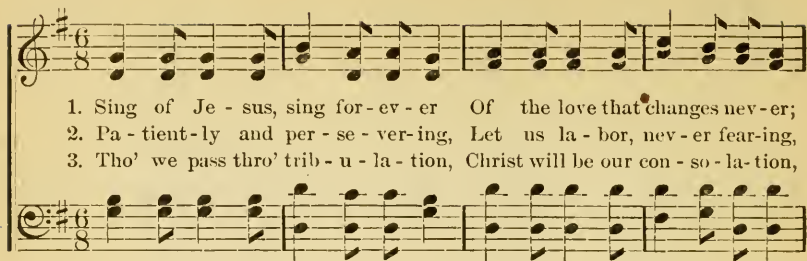


Rock, the precious Rock, (the precious Rock,) 'Twas cleft for you and me. (for you and me,)

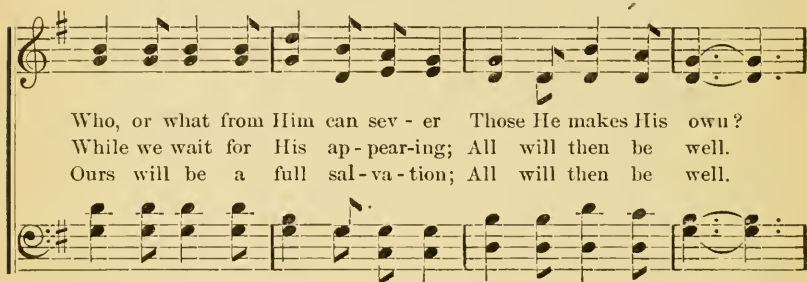


T. KELLY.

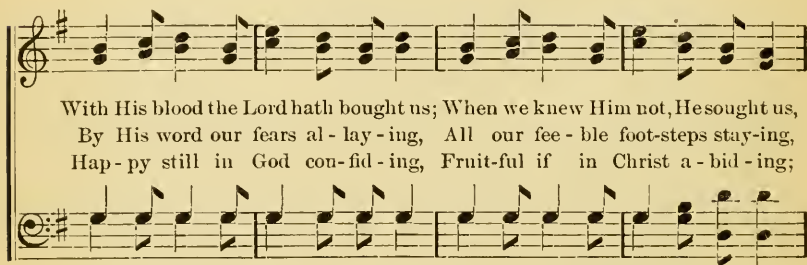
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



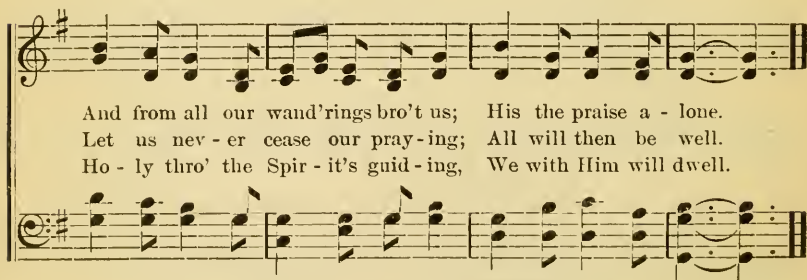
1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er;
 2. Pa - tient - ly and per - se - ver - ing, Let us la - bor, nev - er fear - ing,
 3. Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, Christ will be our con - so - la - tion,



Who, or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?
 While we wait for His ap - pear - ing; All will then be well.
 Ours will be a full sal - va - tion; All will then be well.



With His blood the Lord hath bought us; When we knew Him not, He sought us,
 By His word our fears al - lay - ing, All our fee - ble foot - steps stay - ing,
 Hap - py still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful if in Christ a - bid - ing;



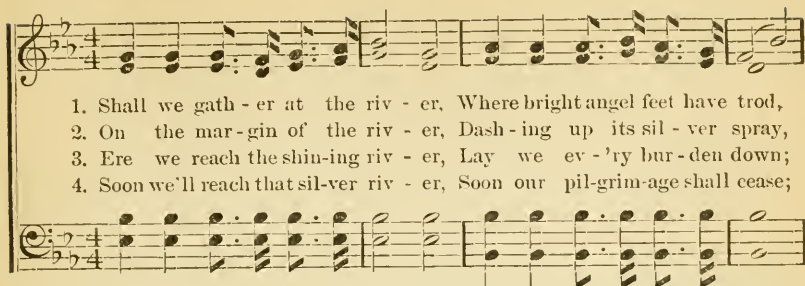
And from all our wand' rings bro't us; His the praise a - lone.
 Let us nev - er cease our pray - ing; All will then be well.
 Ho - ly thro' the Spir - it's guid - ing, We with Him will dwell.

By per. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

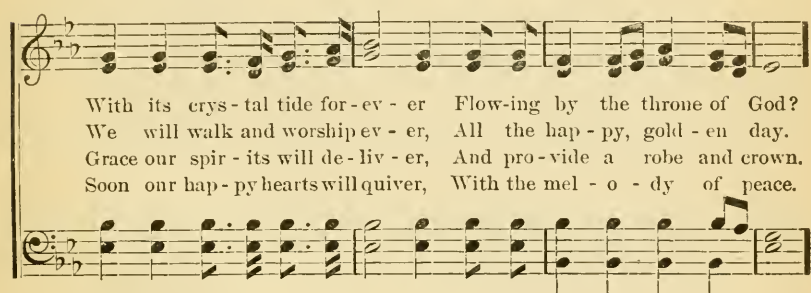
No. 225. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

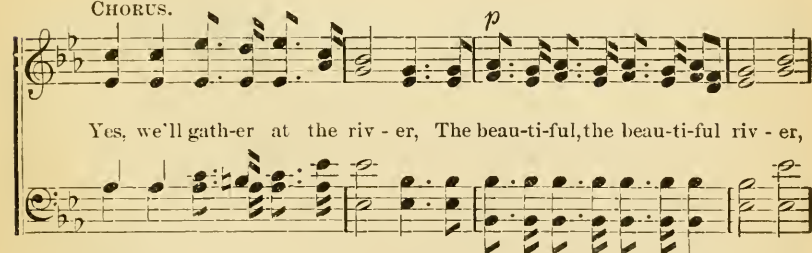


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach that sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age shall cease;

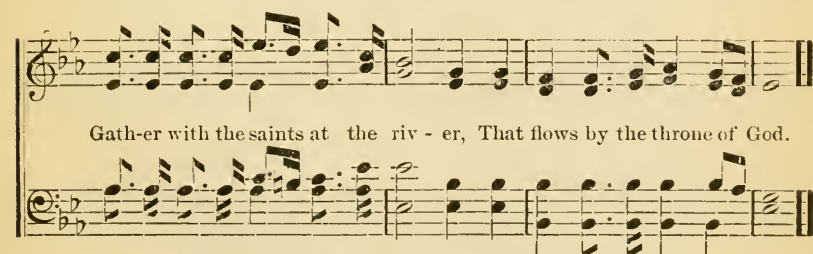


With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiver, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

W. H. R.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. There's a land of sweet rest, For the worn and oppress, No tongue half its
 2. O that land of pure joy, Where no troubles annoy, O when shall I
 3. Many loved ones have gone, And have joined that glad throng, Whoswell the sweet

glo-ry can tell; There no shadow of gloom, To its ransomed can come,
 go there to be In that bean-ti-ful land, On whose bright golden strand,
 anthem of love; And they wait for me there, Them to meet is my prayer,

CHORUS.

Where they speak ne'er a parting fare-well.
 Ev-er flow-eth the calm crys-tal sea. } O sing of the land, sweet
 In that home, bright, e-ter-nal a - bove.


home of the blest, Where sin or where sor-row ne'er trouble the breast, I

long for thy glories, O land of sweet rest, I long, oh, I long to be there.

No. 227. PRAISE HIS NAME FOREVERMORE.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

J. S. Good.

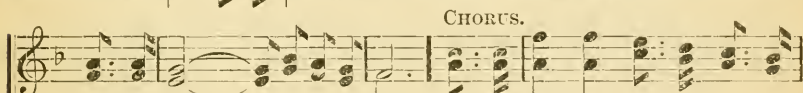


1. 'Tis a glad new song that the ransomed sing, Praise His name..... for -
 2. What a glo-rious morning of hope draws nigh,
 3. All the earth is full of His peace to - day,
 4. Are you read - y now for your com-ing Lord? Praise His name for -




ev - er - more;
 'Tis a roy - al crown that the an - gels bring,
 What a brightness beam-ing in ev - 'ry eye,
 At His pres-ence sor - row shall flee a - way,
 Can you rest your head pillowed on His word?
 ev - e - more, praise His name;


CHORUS.



Praise His name..... for-ev-er-more. Hail! the King of glo - ry com - eth,
 Praise His name forevermore.



praise His name, Praise His name..... for - ev - er - more Hail! the
 Praise His name forevermore, praise His name.

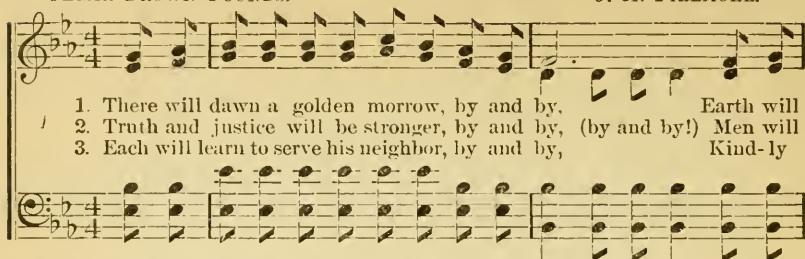


King of glo-ry cometh, praise His name, Praise His name..... for-ev-er-more.
 Praise His name forevermore, praise His name.

No. 228. THERE WILL DAWN A GOLDEN MORROW.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

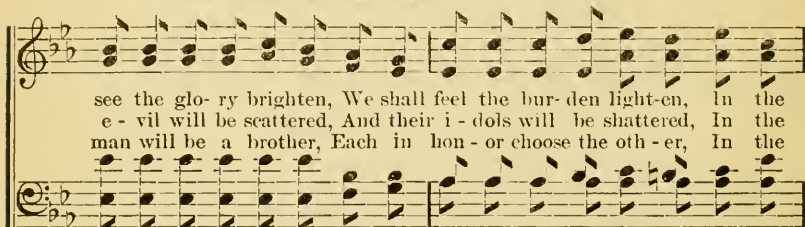
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There will dawn a golden morrow, by and by, Earth will
 2. Truth and justice will be stronger, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
 3. Each will learn to serve his neighbor, by and by, Kind-ly

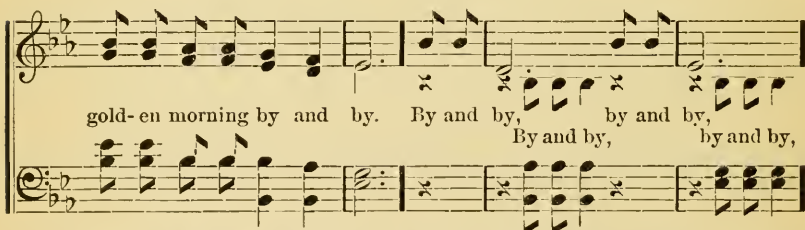


wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
 bear with sin no lon - ger, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
 words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to

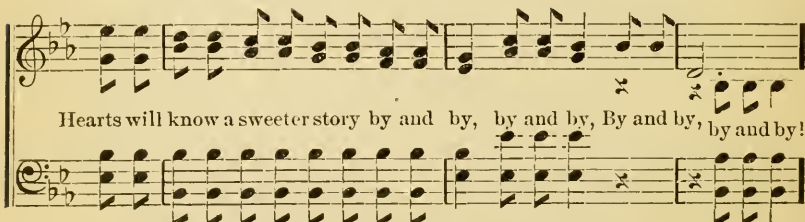


see the glo - ry brighten, We shall feel the bur - den light-en, In the
 e - vil will be scattered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
 man will be a brother, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.



gold-en morning by and by. By and by, by and by,
 By and by, by and by,



Hearts will know a sweeter story by and by, by and by, By and by, by and by!

There will Dawn a Golden Morrow.—Concluded.

rit.

By and by, Earth is fill'd with heaven's glory, by and by, by and by.
By and by!

No. 229. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

J. H. H.

J. H. HALL.

1. Je - sus will save us in that great day, Wonderful love of Je - sus!
2. Fol - lowing Je - sus where'er we roam, Wonderful love of Je - sus!
3. Hap - py the meeting in Benlah Land, Wonderful love of Je - sus!

FINE.

If we are faithful, His word o - bey, Wonderful love of Je - sus!
Sure - ly He'll lead us to that blest home, Wonderful love of Je - sus!
Join - ing our friends on the golden strand, Wonderful love of Je - sus!

D.S.—Sure-ly we'll dwell in that home a - bove, Wonderful love of Je - sus!

CHORUS.

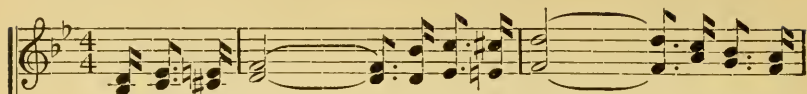
D.S.

Wonderful love, wonderful love, Wonderful love of Je - sus;

No. 230. A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

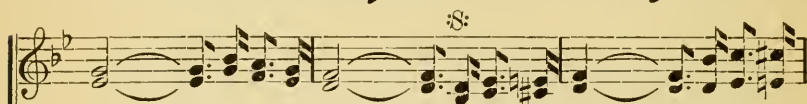
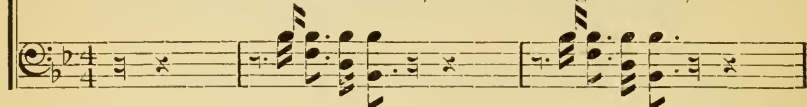
LAURA E. NEWELL.

D. S. HOOVER.



1. A voice from heav'n,..... a gen-tle voice,..... A-bove life's
2. Tho' hedg'd my way,..... with many a thorn, And rugged
3. I trust my all,..... to Him I love,..... I know in
4. And when at last,..... His voice shall call,..... "Come home," with

1. A voice from heav'n, a gentle voice,



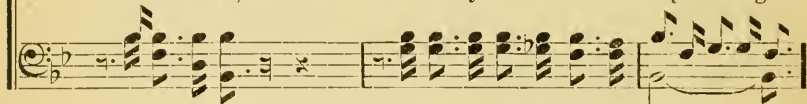
din,..... sounds sweet and clear, ... And ten-der - ly, "Come unto
oft the path I go, I shall go home, some golden
whom I have be-lieved, For I am His, and He is
joy the word I'll greet, And home to realms of peace and
Above life's din, sounds sweet and clear, And tenderly,



D.S.—I, list'ning, hear these words of

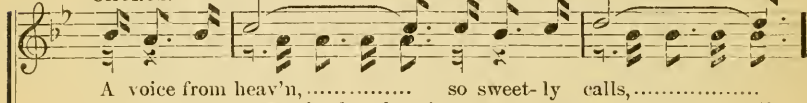


Me," Greets softly now my list'ning ear
morn, And heaven's joys I then shall know
mine, His word of truth I have received
love, I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet
"Come unto Me," Greets softly now my list'ning ear.

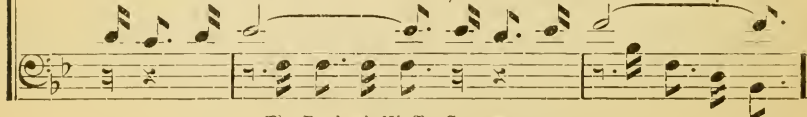


cheer, these tender words come un-to me

CHORUS.

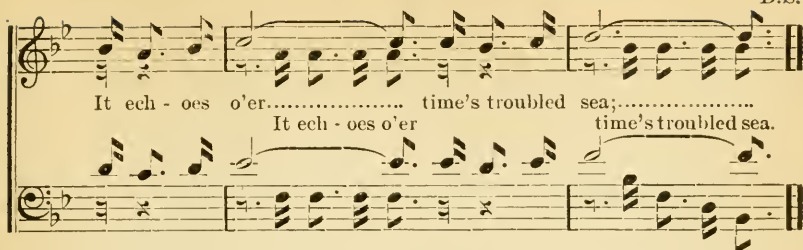


A voice from heav'n, so sweet-ly calls,
A voice from heav'n, so sweetly calls.



A Voice from Heaven.—Concluded.

D.S.

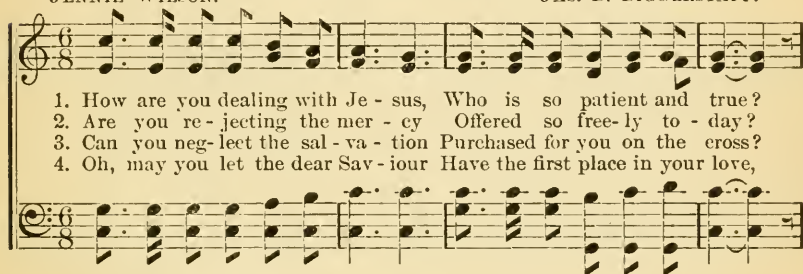


It ech - oes o'er..... time's troubled sea;.....
 It ech - oes o'er time's troubled sea.

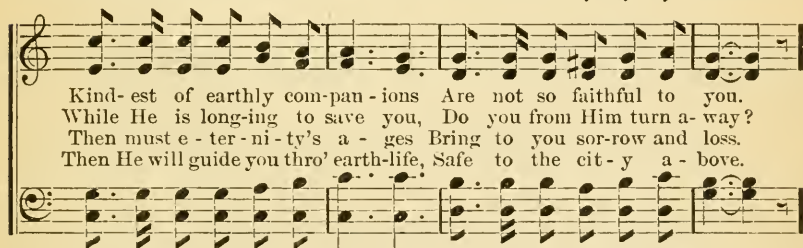
No. 231. HOW ARE YOU DEALING WITH JESUS?

JENNIE WILSON.

JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.

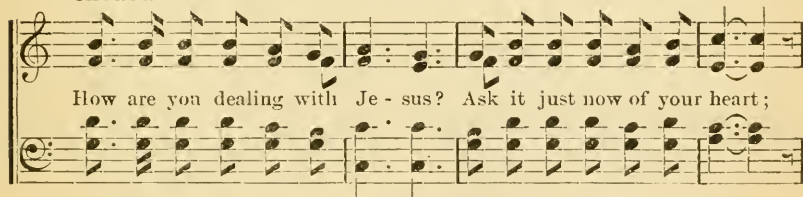


1. How are you dealing with Je - sus, Who is so patient and true?
 2. Are you re - jecting the mer - cy Offered so free - ly to - day?
 3. Can you neg - lect the sal - va - tion Purchased for you on the cross?
 4. Oh, may you let the dear Sav - iour Have the first place in your love,



Kind - est of earthly com - pan - ions Are not so faithful to you.
 While He is long - ing to save you, Do you from Him turn a - way?
 Then must e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges Bring to you sor - row and loss.
 Then He will guide you thro' earth - life, Safe to the cit - y a - bove.

CHORUS.



How are you dealing with Je - sus? Ask it just now of your heart;

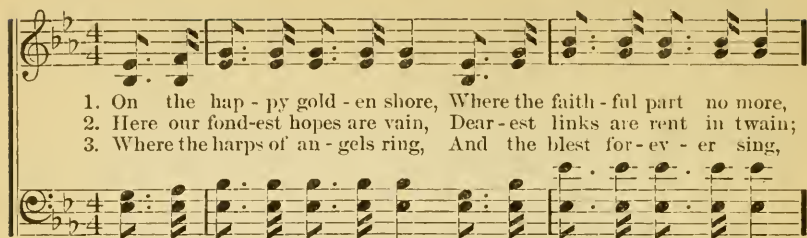


Have you to Him giv - en wel - come, Or do you bid Him de - part?

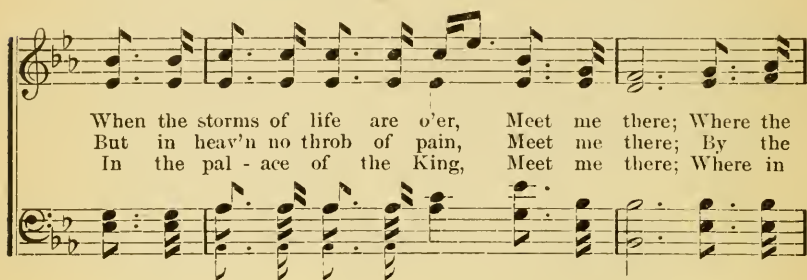
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain;
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

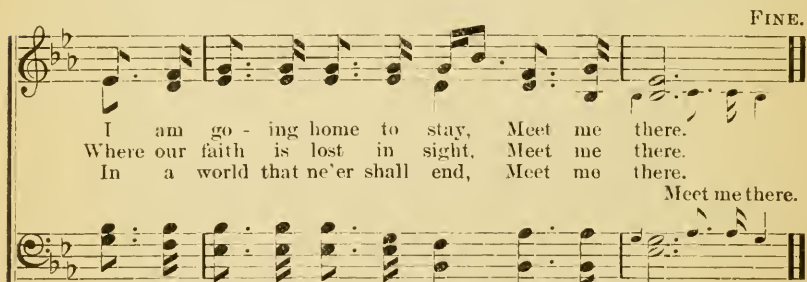


When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in



night dis - solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
 riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
 sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,



I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

Meet Me There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,
Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there; When the
Meet me there;

D.S.

No. 233. CHRISTMAS CHILDREN WE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

J. H. HALL.

1. Christmas boys and girls are we, Full of hap - pi - ness, you see;
2. San - ta Claus, our friend so dear, Brings us something ev - 'ry year,
3. Best of all is Christ our Lord, Promised in the Ho - ly Word,

Good and true we hope to be, All the way a - long.
His old heart we'd love to cheer; Mer - ry Christmas days.
Come to earth, by all a - dored, Christ, our Christmas joy.

D.S.—Mer - ry heart - ed all our days, Christ - mas chil - dren we.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Cheer - ful - ly our songs we raise, Hap - pi - ly our notes of praise,

W. W. H.

W. W. HALE.

1. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, There's dan - ger in de - lay,
 2. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, How can you long - er stray,
 3. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He soon may cease to strive,

He's read - y to re - deem you, And wash your sins a - way;
 When that sweet voice is call - ing From dark - ness in - to day?
 His voice may cease to call you, To trust, o - bey, be - lieve;

A bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion Is giv - en to us all,
 O bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, He's read - y to for - give!
 The bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion Is yours, ac - cept it now,

To come and seek sal - va - tion, Ac - cept the gra - cious call.
 Then come and seek sal - va - tion, O come, and look, and live.
 O come and seek sal - va - tion, Low at His foot - stool bow.

CHORUS.

O hear the call, the blessed call,
 O hear the call, the blessed call, 'Tis Je - sus

Hear the Call.—Concluded.

'Tis Jesus speaks, come un-to me, O heed the call,
speaks, come un-to me,..... O hear the call,..... The blessed

the blessed call, While Jesus waits, He waits for thee.
call,..... While Jesus waits,..... He waits for thee.....

No. 235.

LOVE FOR ALL.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

F. RAYMOND BENSON.

1. Love for all! and can it be,—Can I hope it is for me,—
2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child. Wayward, pas - sion - ate, and wild,
3. I, who spurn'd His lov - ing hold. I, who would not be controlled,
4. See! my Fa - ther wait - ing stands, See! He reach - es out His hands,

I, who strayed so long a - go.—Strayed so far, and fell so low?
I, who left my Father's home. In for - bid - den paths to roam?
I, who would not hear His call, I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal?
God is love! I know, I see! Love for me, yes, e - ven me!

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

1. Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry, Raise our banner high,
2. Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry, See the dreadful foe!

Let it reach the sky; Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry,
Hear the cry of woe; Weeping thousands urge us on to vic - to - ry,

Lift the temp'rance banner high. "Touch not, taste not, han - dle not" the
Fal - ter not, but on - ward go. Sweeping, surging, like a might - y

dreadful thing, Ser - pent fangs lie hid - den in the bowl; "Touch not, taste not,
ti - dal wave, Far and wide the whelming waters roll. Vic - tims soon will

han - dle not" the dread - ful thing, Poi - son not the pre - cious soul.
be be - yond our pow'r to save, Soon they'll reach the hor - rid goal.

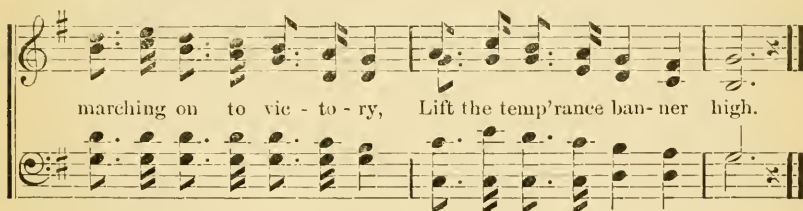
Marching On to Victory.—Concluded.



Brothers, let us then be Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry,



Raise our ban - ner high Let it reach the sky; Marching, marching,



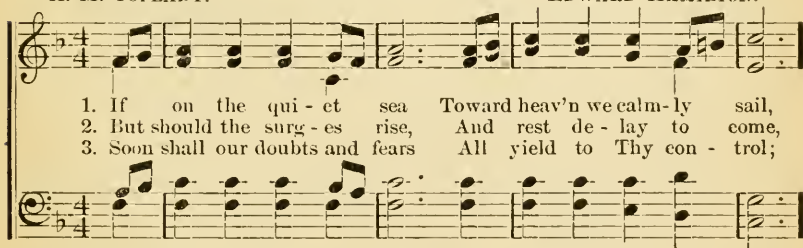
marching on to vic - to - ry, Lift the temp'rance ban - ner high.

No. 237.

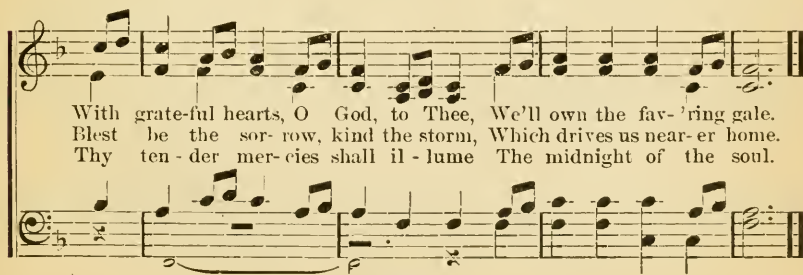
TENDERNESS.

A. M. TOPLADY.

EDWARD HAMILTON.



1. If on the qui - et sea Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail,
2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol;



With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - ring gale.
Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The midnight of the soul.

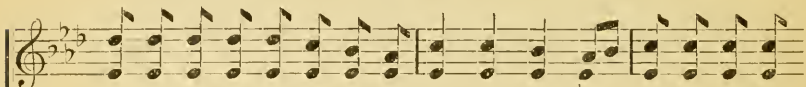
No. 238. THE NAME, THE PRECIOUS NAME.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

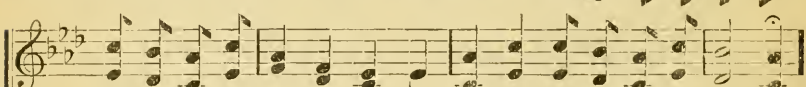
J. OWEN LONG.



1. Have you ev - er heard a sweet - er name than this, A -
2. Have you ev - er known a dear - er friend than He, A
3. Have you ev - er lived in fel - low - ship more dear, Or



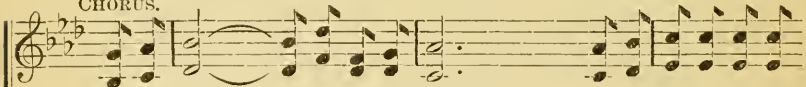
wak-ing such a sense of joy and bless-ed-ness, And fill-ing you with friend upon whose arm you could more safely lean? His name has cheered your found a friend in troublous times so ver-y near? His name has been your



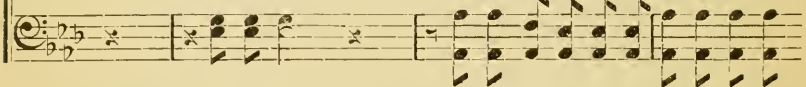
ho - ly rest and heav'nly peace, The name, the precious name of Je - sus?
heart and kept your life se - rene, The name, the precious name of Je - sus.
comfort, bro't you light and cheer, The name, the precious name of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



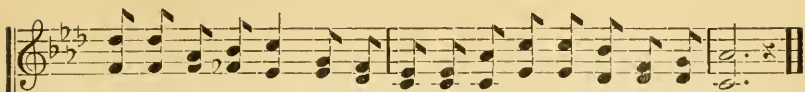
Je- sus name,..... His precious name, It is sweeter than all
Jesus name, His precious name,



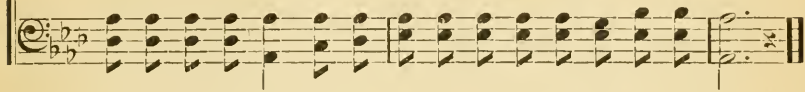
oth - er names to me; 'Tis my com - fort night and day, and it



The Name, the Precious Name.—Concluded.



cheers me on the way, And in heav'n I hope His blessed face to see.



No. 239. COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY.

"Come unto Me,"—JOHN 16: 1.

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

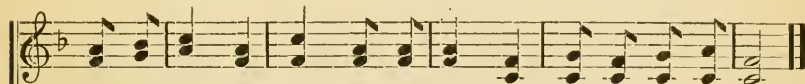
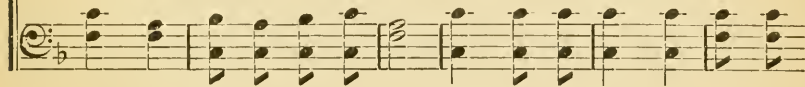
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



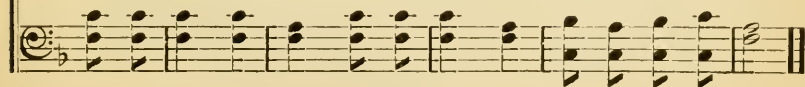
1. Come un - to me, when shad-ows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Large are the man - sions in my Father's dwell-ing, Glad are the
3. There like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair



heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your
homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly
flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed; Come nu - to me, all ye who



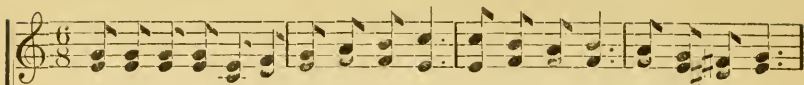
heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
droop in sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.



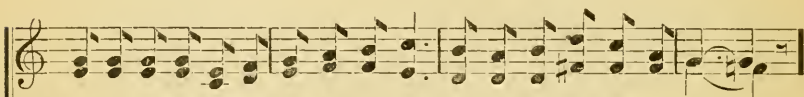
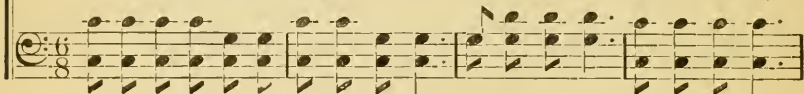
"Arise, He calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

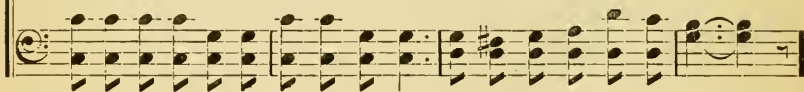
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



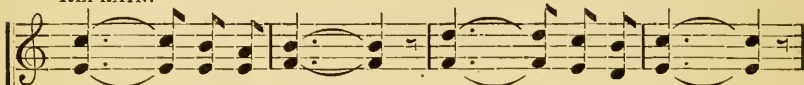
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home— Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea-ry to rest— Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, waiting to - day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, hear him to - day;



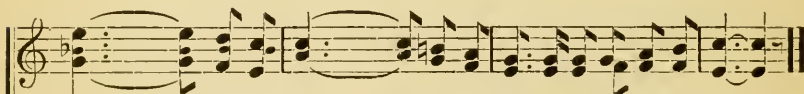
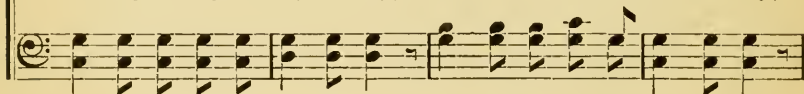
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.



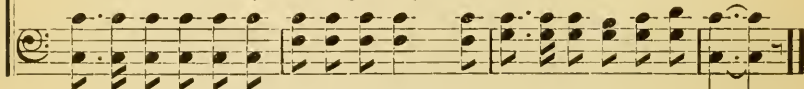
REFRAIN.



Call - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day;.....
 Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day; call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;



Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.



HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. HALL.

1. I am trusting in the Sav - iour, Who for me the winepress trod,
 2. Trusting in my blessed Sav - iour, Who for me so kind - ly cares;
 3. I am dwelling in the shad - ow Of his dear protecting wing;
 4. Friends and brothers, will you trust Him, Who has done so much for me?

Who up - on the dreary mountain, Shed for me His precious blood.
 Ev - er present friend in trouble, As the sacred Word de - clares.
 And I love to sing the prais - es Of my Prophet, Priest and King.
 Will you come to my Re - deem - er For sal - va - tion full and free?

CHORUS.

Trust - ing, rest - ing and be - liev - ing,
 Trust - ing, rest - ing and be - liev - ing, and be - liev - ing,

In the mer - ci - ful and just, (the just,) Hal - le - lu - jah! He re -

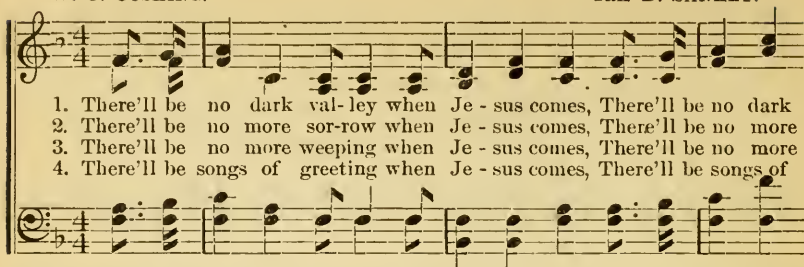
deem'd me, And I know in whom I trust.
 deem'd me, He redeem'd me, I trust, in whom I trust.

No. 242. THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY.

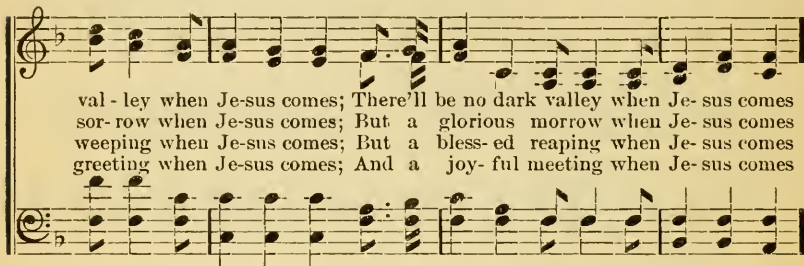
"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23: 4.

W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

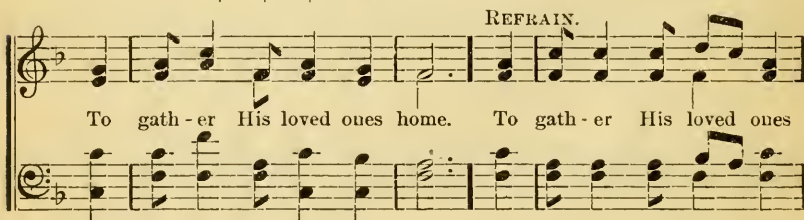


1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

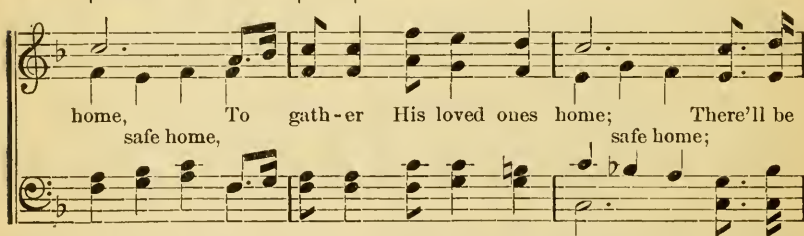


val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
 weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reaping when Je - sus comes
 greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes

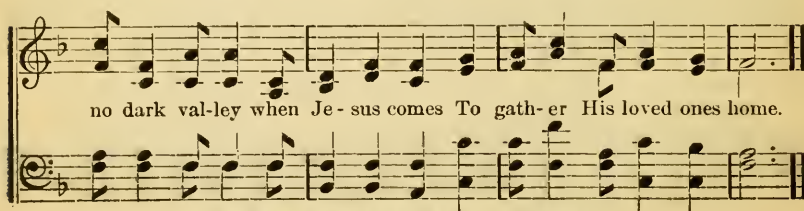
REFRAIN.



To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones



home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home, safe home;



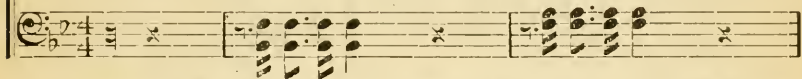
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.



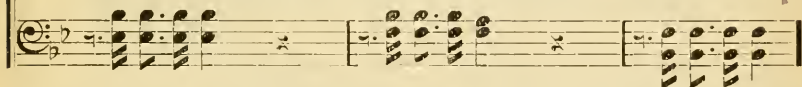
1. Each cool-ing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where happy
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of Him who



eye..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds..... in song agree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walk'd..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once



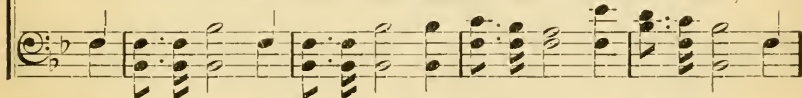
now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 more..... To fol-low Him..... to Gal-i-lee.....



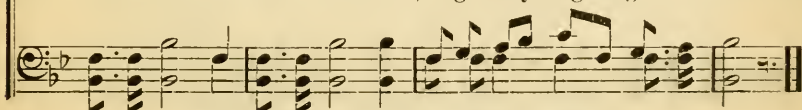
CHORUS.



O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be; O



Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.

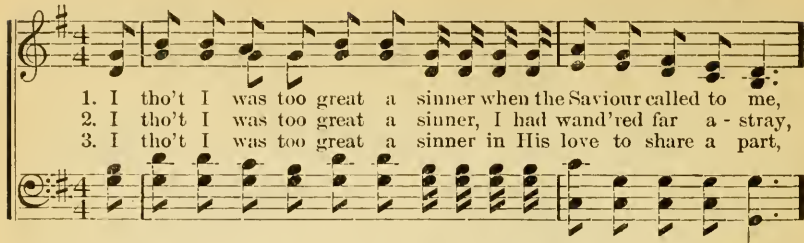


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No. 244. I THOUGHT I WAS TOO GREAT A SINNER.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

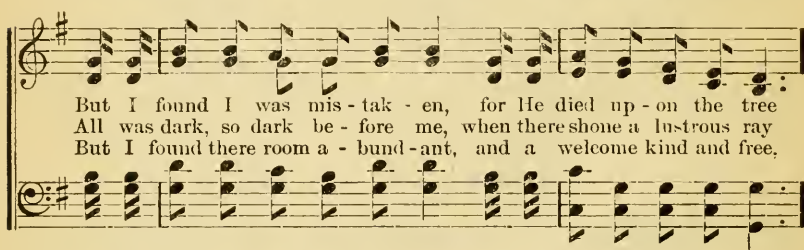
HOWARD E. SMITH.



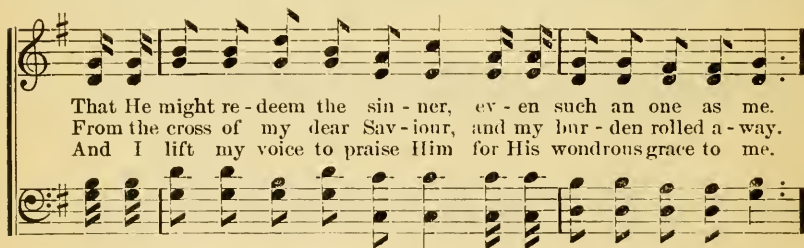
1. I tho't I was too great a sinner when the Saviour called to me,
 2. I tho't I was too great a sinner, I had wand' red far a - stray,
 3. I tho't I was too great a sinner in His love to share a part,



That His mer - cy could not reach me nor from sin could make me free;
 And my sins rose up as mountains and obscured the light of day;
 And I al - most feared to ask Him for a place in His dear heart,

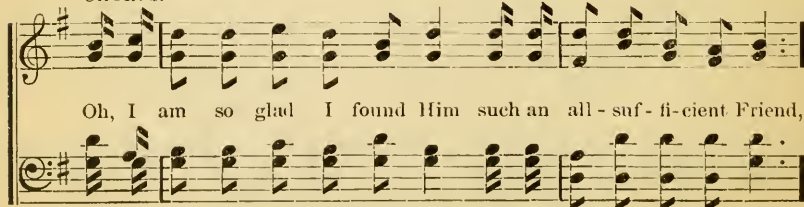


But I found I was mis - tak - en, for He died up - on the tree
 All was dark, so dark be - fore me, when there shone a lus - trous ray
 But I found there room a - bund - ant, and a welcome kind and free,



That He might re - deem the sin - ner, ev - en such an one as me.
 From the cross of my dear Sav - iour, and my bur - den rolled a - way.
 And I lift my voice to praise Him for His wondrous grace to me.

CHORUS.



Oh, I am so glad I found Him such an all - suf - fi - cient Friend,

I Thought I Was Too Great a Sinner.—Concluded.

And I want to ev - er love Him and to serve Him to the end.

No. 245.

REST OVER JORDAN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss - ful rest,
2. He is fit - ting up that mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn,
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumph as you go;

My Re - deem - er's gone be - fore me, To pre - pare a man - sion, blest.
 For my stay shall not be transient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad - ness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is rest o - ver Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

Rest for all who come to Je - sus—Rest for you and me.

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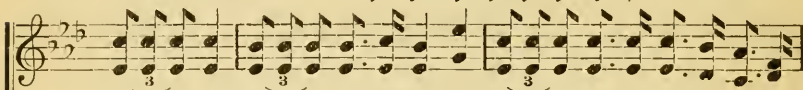
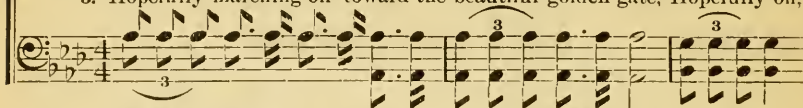
No. 246. WE ARE MARCHING HOME.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

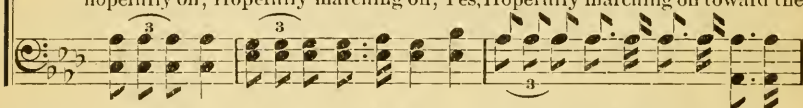
WILL H. RUEBUSH.



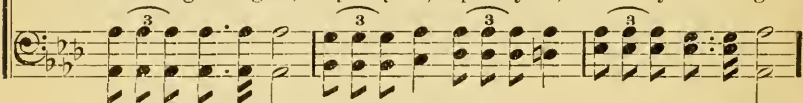
1. Cheerfully marching on toward the beautiful golden gate, Cheerfully on,
2. Joy-ful-ly sing-ing ev-er as we're nearing the golden gate, Joyfully sing,
3. Hopefully marching on toward the beautiful golden gate, Hopefully on,



cheerfully on; Cheerfully marching on; Yes, Cheerfully marching on toward the joy-ful-ly sing, Joyfully ev-er sing. Yes, Joyfully sing-ing ev-er as we're hopefully on; Hopefully marching on; Yes, Hopefully marching on toward the



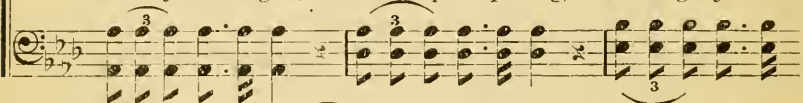
beautiful golden gate, Cheerfully on, chanting our song, Cheerfully marching on, nearing the golden gate. Joyfully sing, praise to our King; Joyfully ev-er sing, beautiful golden gate, Joyfully on, hopefully on, Cheerfully marching on.



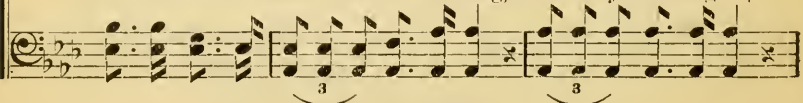
CHORUS.



Steadily marching on, Ever His praise prolong, Marching to join the



cho-rus of the beautiful ransom'd throng, Joyful-ly marching on,



We are Marching Home.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'We are Marching Home.—Concluded.' The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody includes triplets and a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'Lifting our hearts in song, Marching to glory, we are marching home. marching home.'

No. 247. WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Musical score for 'Whosoever Will May Come' (first part). The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish, On life's drift-ing sand, 2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply; 3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! You may al-so share; 4. Lo, the sun-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;'

Musical score for 'Whosoever Will May Come' (second part). The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Tis the Saviour bending o'er you, Reaching out His toil worn hand. Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die? Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing. En-ter thro' the gate of prayer. While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.'

D.S.—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS.

D.S.

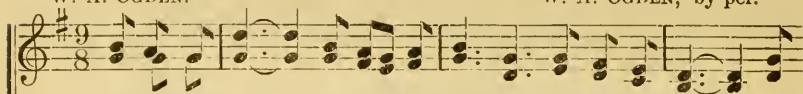
Musical score for 'Whosoever Will May Come' (chorus). The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?'

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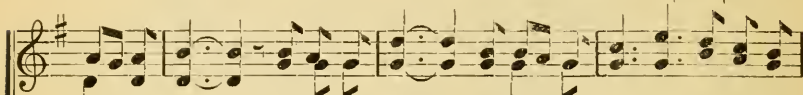
"Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE. 2: 10

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

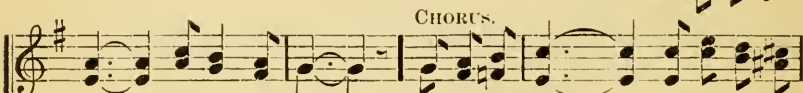


1. Tell the good news. the wondrous sto - ry, Bethlehem's Babe is
 2. Tell the good news, the glad-some sto - ry, Je - sus for sin - ners
 3. Tell the good news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing it with joy the




born to - day! An - gels pro - claim the news from glo - ry, Peace and good
 came to die! Conquering death He rose to glo - ry, Dwelleth a
 world a - round, Je - sus has pur - chased full sal - va - tion, Pardon and


CHORUS.



will to men, they say. Tell the good news,..... O shout the glad
 Prince of Peace on high.
 peace in Him are found. Tell the good news. O



ti - dings, Yes, and be sure..... the world shall hear; From the dark
 shout the glad tidings, Yes, and be sure the world shall hear:

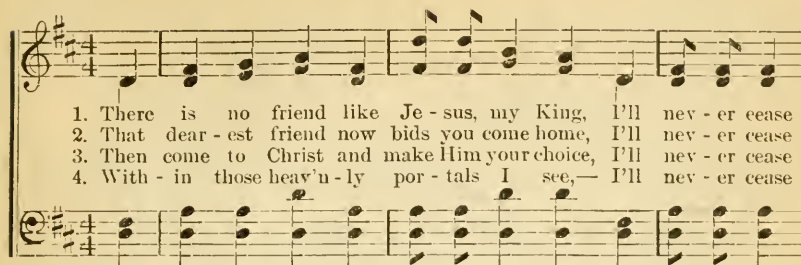


pris - on He hath a - ris - en, Tell the good news both far and near.

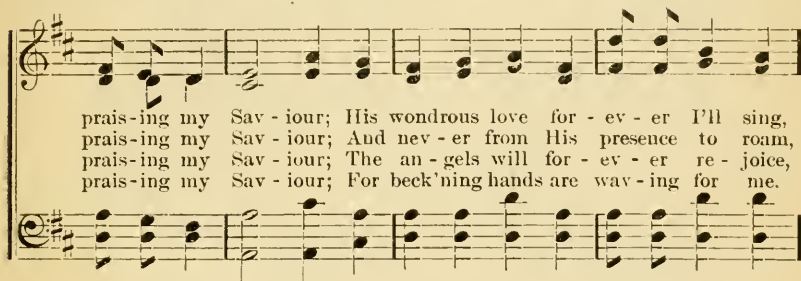
No. 249. I'LL NEVER CEASE PRAISING MY SAVIOUR.

J. H. H.

J. H. HALL.

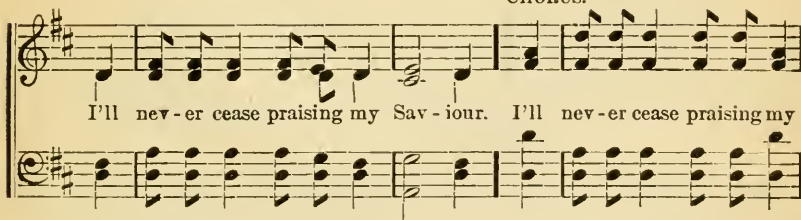


1. There is no friend like Je - sus, my King, I'll nev - er cease
 2. That dear - est friend now bids you come home, I'll nev - er cease
 3. Then come to Christ and make Him your choice, I'll nev - er cease
 4. With - in those heav'n - ly por - tals I see, — I'll nev - er cease

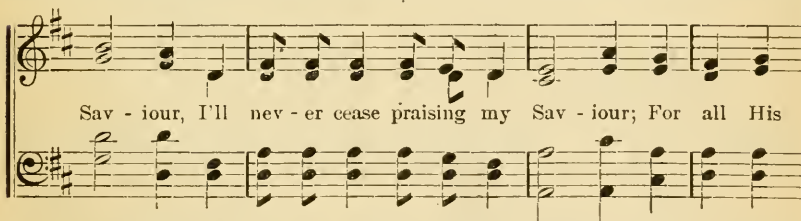


prais - ing my Sav - iour; His wondrous love for - ev - er I'll sing,
 prais - ing my Sav - iour; And nev - er from His presence to roam,
 prais - ing my Sav - iour; The an - gels will for - ev - er re - joice,
 prais - ing my Sav - iour; For beck'ning hands are wav - ing for me.

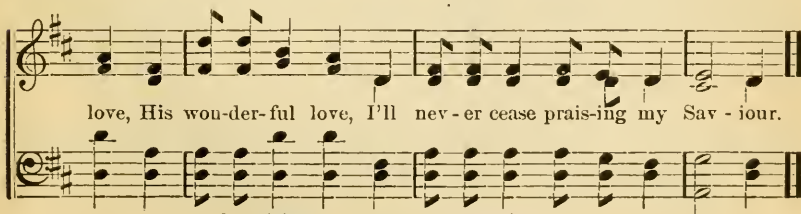
CHORUS.



I'll nev - er cease praising my Sav - iour. I'll nev - er cease praising my



Sav - iour, I'll nev - er cease praising my Sav - iour; For all His



love, His won - der - ful love, I'll nev - er cease prais - ing my Sav - iour.

J. S. T.

(GOOD AS A QUARTET.)

J. S. TORBETT.

1. There's a guiding star..... and it cheers the soul,.....
 2. "Ma-ny mansions" there..... by the Lord prepared,.....
 3. 'Twas a mother's love..... and a father's pray'r,.....

On its journey home..... to the heav'nly goal,.....
 And He beckons on..... to the saints re-ward,.....
 That inclined our feet..... to the nar-row way,.....

And it lights the way..... over mountains steep,.....
 He has left His word,..... as a guiding star,.....
 And we found the light..... in the path we trod,.....

And the valleys dark..... and the waters deep. (and the wa-ters deep.)
 To the pilgrim's rest..... in the land a - far. (in the land a far.)
 So we journey on..... to a home with God. (to a home with God.)

CHORUS.

O the star shines bright..... o'er the rugged way.
 O the star shines bright..... o'er the rug-ged way,.....

There's a Guiding Star.—Concluded.

We shall reach the goal by its guiding ray,
 We shall reach the goal..... by its guiding ray,.....

And our loved ones gone are awaiting there,
 And our loved ones gone..... are a-wait-ing there,.....

At the pearl-y gates..... of the home so fair.....
 At the pearly gates, of the home so fair.

No. 251. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon.

Arr.

1. There are an - gels hov'ring 'round, There are an - gels hov'ring 'round,
 2. They will carry the ti-dings home; They will carry the ti-dings home;

There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hov - 'ring 'round.
 They will car - - - ry, car - - - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

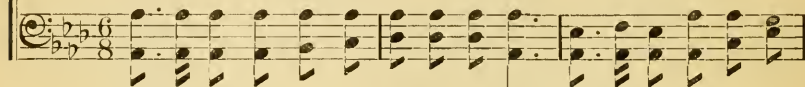
No. 252. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Slow, and with expression.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.



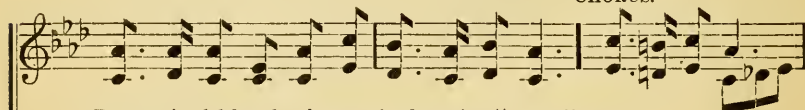
1. Beau-ti-ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fac-es all shining with
2. Beau-ti-ful hands of a mother whose love Sac-ri-ficed life, its de-
3. Beau-ti-ful hands of a lit-tle one see, Ba-by voice calling, oh,
4. Beau-ti-ful hands of a hus-band or wife, Waiting and watching the
5. Brightest and best of that glo-ri-ous throng, Cen-ter of all and the



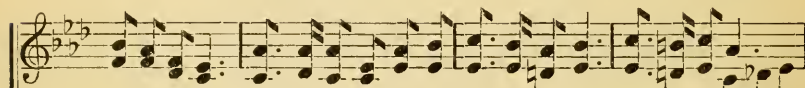
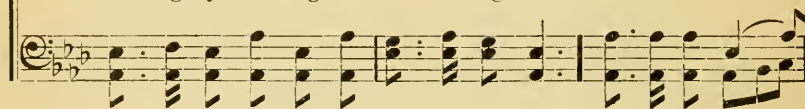
ra-di-ant light, Eyes looking down from yon heav-en-ly throne,
vo-tion to prove; Hands of a fa-ther to mem-o-ry dear,
moth-er, to thee, Ros-y cheeked darling, the light of our home,
loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a sis-ter, or friend,
theme of my song, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, the pier-ced One stands,



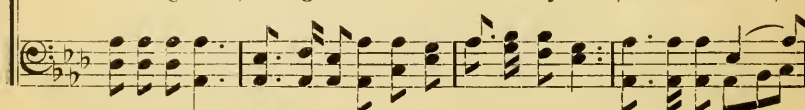
CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful hands, they are beck-on-ing "come."
Beck'ning up high-er the wait-ing ones here.
Tak-en so ear-ly, is beck-on-ing "come." Beau-ti-ful hands,
Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend.
Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beck-on-ing hands.



beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heav-en-ly lands; Beautiful hands,



Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.—Concluded.

beck-on-ing hands, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful beck-on-ing hands.

No. 253.

THE HALLOWED CROSS.

J. H. S.

JOHN 12 : 32.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. That cross! that cross! that heav-y cross! My Sav-iour bore for me,
3. How light! how light! this precious cross, Pre-sent-ed to my view;
4. The crown! the crown! the glorious crown! The crown of vic-to-ry!
5. My tears, un-bid-den, seem to flow For love, un-bound-ed love,

Re-mind-ing me of precious blood, That once was shed for me.
Which bow'd Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.
And while, with care, I take it up, Be-hold the crown my due.
The crown of life! it shall be mine, When I shall Je-sus see.
Which guides me thro' this world of woe, And points to joys a-bove.

CHORUS.

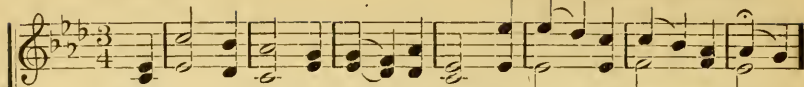
Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,

ritard.

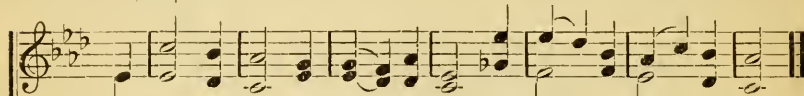
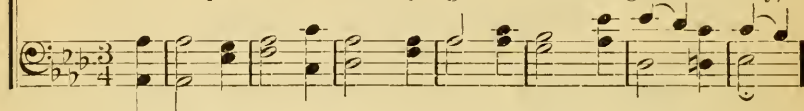
Up-on the cross in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

JOHN FAWCETT.

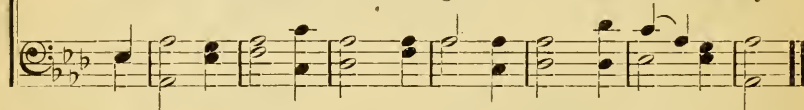
Fr. WILLIAM GARDINER.



1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in - spi-ra - tion given!
2. Its light descend-ing from a - bove, Our gloom-y world to cheer,
3. It shows to man His wand'ring ways, And where His feet have trod;
4. This lamp thro' all the drear-y night Of life shall guide our way,



- Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 Dis-plays a Savionr's boundless love, And brings His glo - ries near.
 And brings to view the matchless grace Of a for-giv - ing God.
 Till we be-hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.



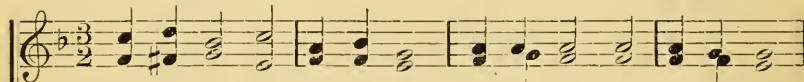
No. 255.

THE HEAVENLY FRIEND.

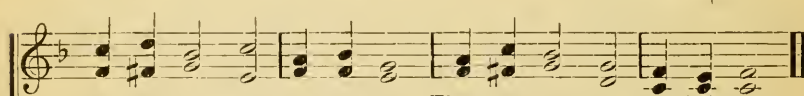
"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—Ps. 73 : 25.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

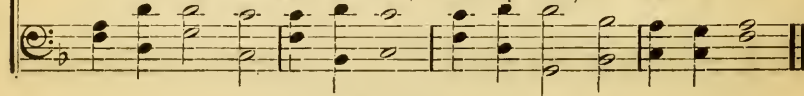
W. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Blessed Sav - iour, mighty Friend;
2. Tho' my strength of heart may fail, As I jour - ney by the way,
3. Thou wilt guide me with Thy hand, Me to glo - ry wilt re - ceive;
4. Help me, Christ, to walk nigh Thee, Ev - er close to Thy dear side;



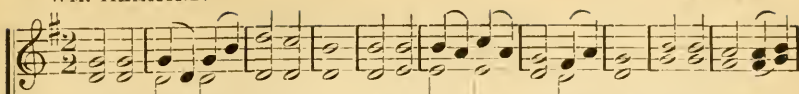
- On the land or on the sea, Thou canst keep me to life's end.
 Thou wilt guard when foes as - sail Me up - on my pil-grim way.
 If I in Thy coun-sel stand, And in child-like faith be-lieve.
 Then shall all end well with me, Sav'd by Thee, in heav'n a-bide.



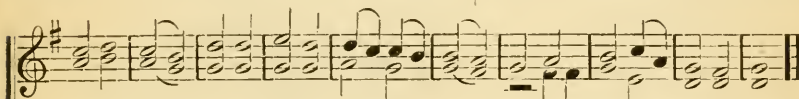
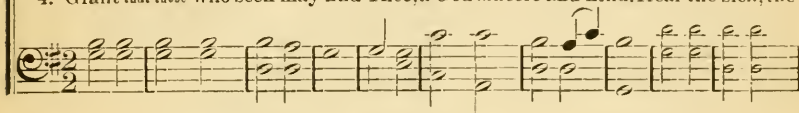
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WM. HAMMOND.

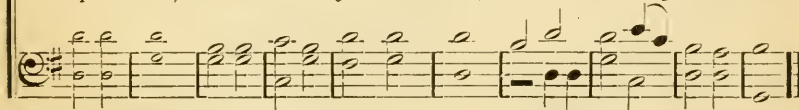
CÆSAR MALAN.



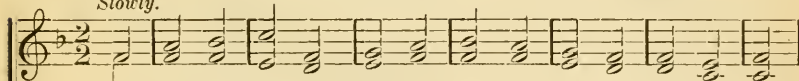
1. Lord! we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let Thy Spirit
3. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast
4. Grant that those who seek may find Thee, a God sincere and kind, Heal the sick, the



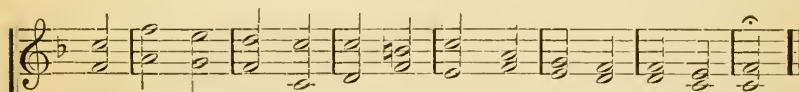
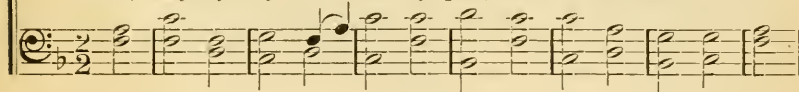
suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart, Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
 down lift up, Strong in faith, in love, and hope, Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
 captive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee.



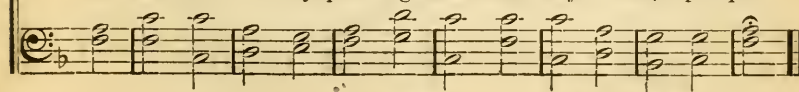
GUIL. FRANC.

Slowly.

1. Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge Be to thy bo-som known,
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need-ful food; I ask not wealth nor fame;
3. Oh, may my days ob-scure-ly pass, With-out re-morse or care!



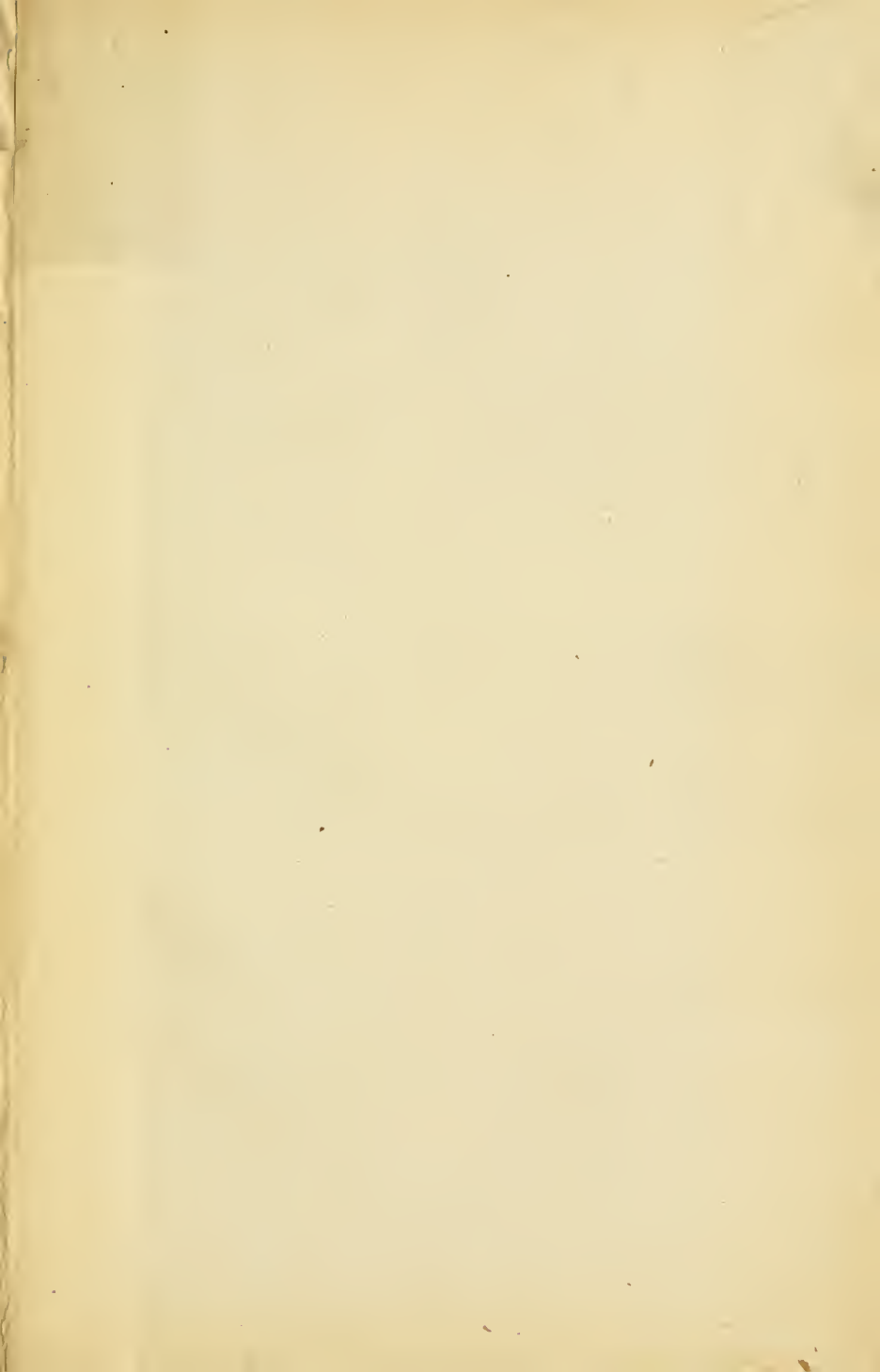
Oh, give me tears for oth-er's woes, And patience for my own.
 But give me eyes to view Thy works. A heart to praise Thy name.
 And let me for my part-ing hour From day to day pre-pare.



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